JUSTICE

A BIG 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

10¢

JUSTICE

EVERY CASE TAKEN FROM REAL LIFE!

TRUE

CASES PROVING CRIME CAN'T WIN!

FEATURING THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF "EARS" KARPIK! THE MOBSTER WHO TERRORIZED ST. LOUIS AND THE MID-WEST!

THOSE COPS CRASHED INTO OUR GETAWAY CAR! I'LL GET THOSE BULLS!
EASY, DOPE! CAN'T YOU SEE KARPIK HOLDS THE TOP HAND? C'MON, WE'RE WALKING OUT OF HERE WITH THE LOOT!
KARPIK PUT ONE OVER ON YOU COPS THIS TIME! HEY, BOSS! YA WANT ME TO CALL THE GARAGE FOR ANOTHER CAR?
FUR STORAGE
CHECKER
10¢
MARVEL COMIC
JUNE No. 16
DON'T SHOOT! THEY'VE GOT THE NIGHT WATCHMAN! (GOT TO STALL THEM... BUT HOW?)
POLICE
OKAY, COPPERS! EITHER WE WALK OUT FREE OR THE WATCHMAN MEETS ST. PETER! WHICH WILL IT BE?
WATCHMAN

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

"JONATHAN WILD, THE SCOURGE OF LONDON!"

"MURDER RAP!"

"ANITA WYNTON, FEMALE KILLER!"

"GUN FOR HIRE!"

Discovered at Last!

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- NO FUSS
- NO FRIZZY, SPLIT ENDS

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YOU HAVE SUCH BEAUTIFUL HAIR, BABS ...AND YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO FIX IT !
YOUR DATE AND MINE ARE DOING FINE, PAT !
OH OH!
JACK'S BEEN DANCING WITH BABS ALL EVENING. (SOB) WHAT'S SO WONDERFUL ABOUT HER ? (SOB)
SHE DOES HAVE LOVELY HAIR; ...I HEAR SHE GIVES HERSELF A LUSTRE OIL HOME WAVE
NEXT DAY...
WHAT IS LUSTRE OIL HOME WAVE?
IT'S THE SAFE, EASY WAY TO CURL ALL TEXTURE OF HAIR WITHOUT A STIFF "NEW PERMANENT" LOOK... GIVES YOU NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS AND WAVES THAT STAY IN!

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Ears Karpik

THE KILLER WHO BELIEVED IN DIVIDE AND CONQUER! CROSS AND DOUBLE CROSS UNTIL A LITTLE MAN IN WHITE HIT THE JACKPOT!

BORN: SALT LAKE CITY, 1912 DIED: IN A CHICAGO BACK STREET, 1934

BASED ON A TRUE STORY!
HAW! THERE GO OUR PARTNERS, TOO BAD SOMEONE REMOVED THE ROAD SIGN! NOW, THERE'S ONLY THREE OF US LEFT!
THE BRIDGE'S WASHED OUT! KARPIK CROSSED US! LET ME OUT OF HERE!!
YOU'RE SMART BOSS! TOO SMART! I WOULDN'T LIKE TO HAVE YOU DOUBLE-CROSS ME!
DANGER BRIDGE WASHED OUT
NOW THIS MEANS A THREE WAY SPLIT, EH, KARPIK!
DAILY FROM 1932, POLICE TELETYPES TAPPED OUT AN URGENT CALL TO EVERY CITY, TOWN, AND VILLAGE TO WATCH FOR THE EARS KARPIK GANG! KARPIK'S BLAZING GUNS LEFT A TRAIL OF MURDER FROM COAST TO COAST UNTIL 1934 WHEN HE TANGLED WITH FATE!
E104
JUSTICE 16

THE GREATEST DOUBLE-CROSSER OF THEM ALL! THAT'S HOW EARS KARPIK BRAGGED OF HIMSELF, AND THE YEARS BORE OUT HIS CLAIM, UNTIL ONE DAY IN 1934 WHEN CIRCUMSTANCES BROUGHT ABOUT A GREATER DOUBLE CROSS THAN EVEN KARPIK COULD HAVE FIGURED! THE WHOLE THING STARTED IN JANUARY, 1930, IN THE MEETING PLACE OF A GANG OF YOUTHFUL HOODLUMS...
WHAT'S UP?
I THINK LARKIN'S GOT A BIG CAPER DOPED OUT!

I'M GETTIN' YOU MUGS OUT OF THE SMALL TIME INTO THE BIG RACKETS--AS OF TONIGHT! HERE'S THE SETUP, BOYS! WE'RE GONNA CRACK THE STIMSON TOOL AND DIE PLANT AT TEN THIS EVENING!
DAT'S A STINKIN' CAPER, HAPPY! DAT JOINT'S GOT A SAFE WIT' TEN INCHES OF STEEL ON ALL SIDES! I KNOW BECUZ ME OLD MAN WORKS DERE!
1

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

WE AIN'T INTERESTED IN THE SAFE THIS TRIP, MUGSY! WE'RE GONNA PICK OURSELVES A COLLECTION OF THE NEATEST SAFE-CRACKING TOOLS IN THE COUNTRY, SEE?
FOR FUTURE USE, EH? DAT'S A NEAT GIMMICK! IS DE JOINT CASED?
THE NIGHT WATCHMAN PUNCHES HIS LAST CLOCK AROUND NINE FORTY-FIVE, AND THEN TAKES A HALF-HOUR OFF FOR A SANDWICH AND A SMOKE! THAT'S WHEN WE GO TO WORK...
WHO'S GONNA KEEP CHICKY?
THE GUY WITH THE BIGGEST EARS IS GONNA BE CHICKY... AND THAT'S EARS KARPIK!
HAW! HAW! WID A PAIR OF LISTENERS LIKE DAT, HE CAN HEAR A COPPER SNEEZE TEN BLOCKS AWAY!
HAW! HAW!
YOU'RE FULL OF BEANS, LARKIN! I AIN'T DOIN' NO MORE OF YOUR DIRTY WORK AN' I AIN'T TAKIN' NO MORE RIBBIN' ACCOUNT OF MY EARS! EITHER I CRACK THE JOB WITH THE GANG OR I QUIT!
WH...??
YOU CRUMMY, MULE-EARED GRIFTER! NOBODY TALKS TO HAPPY LARKIN LIKE THAT! YOU KEEP CHICKY ON THIS JOB OR YOU WON'T HAVE AN EAR LEFT TO HEAR YOURSELF WITH!
SPLAT!
YOU GONNA DO AS I SAY, OR DO I SLAP YOU DEAF?
OKAY... OKAY! LAY OFF, WILL YA?
SPLAT!
CRACK!
THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 27TH, 1926, CHANGED EARS KARPIK'S SMOULDERING HATE INTO AN UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE...
NEVER MIND WHO THIS IS, COPPER! I'M GIVIN' YOU A HOT TIP! THE STIMSON TOOL AND DIE PLANT IS GONNA BE KNOCKED OFF TONIGHT AT TEN BELLS! S'LONG, FLATFOOT!
ACTING ON THE ANONYMOUS TIP, THE POLICE PLACED A CORDON OF MEN AROUND THE LIFELESS PLANT...
THE JOINT IS CRAWLIN' WITH LAW! THEY'RE LETTIN' LARKIN BREAK IN SO'S THEY CAN NAB HIM WITH THE GOODS!
12

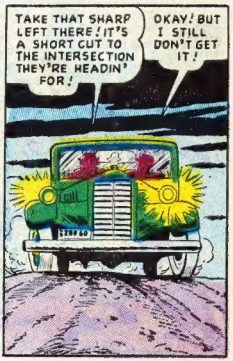
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE PLANT...
I DON'T LIKE THIS SETUP! WE'RE TEN MINUTES PAST SCHEDULE AND THE NIGHT WATCHMAN AIN'T EVEN SHOWED UP YET! SHAKE A LEG AND LET'S DUST THIS JOINT!
THERE AIN'T NUTTIN' T' WORRY ABOUT, WITH EARS KEEPIN' CHICKY OUTSIDE!
DROP THAT LOOT AND RAISE YOUR HANDS, YOU SMALL-TIMERS!
BREAK FOR IT, BOYS! WE BEEN CROSSED!
THEY'RE ASKIN' FOR IT! LET 'EM HAVE IT IN THE LEGS, BOYS!
OKAY, LARKIN! THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD FOR YOU!
YEAH, I KNOW! WHO TIPPED YOU COPPERS? JUST TELL ME WHO TIPPED YOU, THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! TELL ME...TELL ME!
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO TIPPED US? A LITTLE BIRD TOLD US!
THAT'S RIGHT, COPPER! A LITTLE BIRD WITH BIG EARS...AN' BIGGER IDEAS!
TASTING THE POWER OF THE DOUBLE CROSS FOR THE FIRST TIME, EARS KARPIK FOLLOWED THROUGH WITH HIS NEXT BLOW...
CHEER UP, YOU MONKEYS! IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE! THEY COULD HAVE NABBED US ALL!
WH...?? YOU! HOW'D YOU GET AWAY CLEAN? HOW COME YOU DIDN'T SPOT THAT MESS OF COPS?
YEAH, HOW COME DEY DIDN'T SPOT DEM KING-SIZE LISTENERS OF YOURS?
IT WAS A DOUBLE CROSS, KARPIK, AN' LARKIN THINKS YOU'RE THE GUY WHO RATTED!
STAND BACK... STAND BACK, I'M TELLIN' YA!
STAND BACK AN' OPEN THEM DIRTY EARS OF YOURS! YEAH, I RATTED BECAUSE LARKIN DIDN'T HAVE BRAINS ENOUGH TO LEAD THIS OUTFIT! I GOT A GUN, AN' I GOT GUNS FOR YOU GUYS, TOO! WE'RE GONNA USE THESE GUNS AN' I'M GONNA SHOW YOU HOW!
3

LISTEN TO ME FIRST AN' THEN MAKE YOUR SQUAWKS! I PICKED UP A NEW BUNCH FROM JAMES STREET, AND THEY'RE COMIN' IN WITH US! WE'RE GOIN' BACK TO THAT TOOL AND DIE PLANT TONIGHT, BUT THIS TIME WE'RE GOIN' IN FOR TOOLS AND CASH!
JUST ONE MORE THING AN' I'M THROUGH! THE NEXT GUY WHO MAKES A CRACK ABOUT MY EARS IS GONNA HAVE HIS OWN TORN OFF! YOU GUYS IN--OR ARE YOU TAKIN' A WALK?
YEAH, WE'RE IN!
ON OCTOBER 27TH, EARS KARPIK LED HIS NEWLY FORMED GANG IN A VICIOUS ATTACK ON THE HUGE FACTORY...
PSSST! HERE HE COMES! THIS TIME WE AIN'T WAITIN' FOR THAT JOHN TO FINISH HIS GRUB! HE'S GONNA WAIT FOR US TO FINISH FIRST!
GO TO SLEEP, POP! FINISH HIM OFF WITH YER STICKER, BERNIE -- WE DON'T WANT NO FAIRY TALES IN THE MORNING!
KARPIK'S GANG WORKED LEISURELY INSIDE THE TOOL PLANT WHILE THE WATCHMAN'S LIFE EBBED SLOWLY AWAY THROUGH A STAB WOUND IN HIS BACK...
THE YEARS ROLLED BY AS EARS KARPIK ADDED MURDER, ARSON AND BANK ROBBERIES TO THE STAGGERING TOLL OF CRIMES HE HAD ALREADY COMMITTED! FROM THE SWEET GANG IN ST. LOUIS TO EARL BREWER'S GANG OF CUTTHROATS IN 'FRISCO -- FROM THE HINES' MOB IN MINNEAPOLIS TO THE SCHULTZ GANG IN JERSEY CITY--EARS KARPIK BROUGHT TO THEM ALL A KILLER'S INSTINCT AND CAME AWAY CRUELER THAN EVER AND STEEPED IN EXPERIENCE AND GORE! DEFORMED AND UGLY, HE RULED BY SADISTIC BRUTALITY AND RUTHLESS VIOLENCE!
1932 FOUND EARS KARPIK BLASTING A PATH OF RETREAT FROM A SMALL BANK IN SAYLESVILLE, WISCONSIN...
GET THE OTHER ONE...GET HIM, GET HIM!
4

HEY, THEY GOT SHORTY!
LET HIM LAY! IT'S HIS OWN FAULT!
DRUGS
HURRY UP! THEM YELLOW BELLIES BEHIND THE CAGES ARE COMIN' OUT WITH RODS!
THROW HIM IN THE BACK SEAT AND LET'S BLOW! THE BOSS'S CAR GOT A HEAD START!
KING
TEN MILES OUT OF SALESVILLE, WHERE U.S. ROUTE 14 JOINS THE MACADAM ROAD TO LOGANTOWN, THE TWO GANG CARS HAD A REMEEZYOUS...
I TOLD YOU TO LET THAT BUM LAY, DIDN'T I? WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO NURSE HIM AND WE AIN'T GOT ROOM FOR EXTRA WEIGHT!
AW, LAY OFF HIM, EARS! HE'LL BE OKAY! IT'S JUST A FLESH WOUND!
OKAY, LEMME SEE HIM WALK AND USE HIS OTHER ARM! MAYBE WE CAN SALVAGE THE BUM FROM THE JUNK HEAP!
SURE, EARS, SURE! LOOK AT ME! I CAN WALK ... SEE?
ATTABOY, SHORTY! KEEP GOIN'! I WANNA SEE HOW FAR YOU CAN GET!
OHHH! MY ARM! LOOK, EARS... I'M GONNA BE OKAY! I JUST FEEL KINDA WEAK-- THAT'S ALL!
SEE? SEE? LOOK, I...CAN... WALK!
NOPE! ALL YOU CAN DO IS SLEEP! HIT THE SACK, SHORTY!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
THE POOR GUY KNEW HE WAS HOLDIN' US UP! HE KNOCKED HIMSELF OFF! GET THE ROAD MAPS OUT OF THE CAR! I WANNA LAY OUT THE ROUTE!
WE'LL SPLIT UP AT THIS JUNCTION HERE! YOU GUYS BRANCH OFF THE MACADAM ROAD AT THIS INTERSECTION AND HEAD TOWARD TYLER, ON THE DIRT ROAD THAT STARTS RIGHT HERE! GOT IT?
5

WE'LL STOW THE LOOT IN MY CAR UNTIL WE MEET IN TYLER! DRIVE FAST AND BLAST ANY COPPERS WHO TRY TO STOP YOU!
OKAY, EARS! JUST MAKE SURE YOU GUYS ARE IN TYLER WHEN WE GET THERE!

EARS KARPIK WAS A MASTER OF DOUBLE CROSS! NO ONE WAS IMMUNE FROM HIS STRATEGY OF DIVIDE AND CONQUER, AND ON THIS OCCASION HE AGAIN MADE NO EXCEPTIONS...
THEY'RE GONE! GET BACK ON THE MAIN ROAD AND STEP ON THE GAS! WE'RE GONNA GET TO THAT DIRT-ROAD JUNCTION BEFORE THEY DO!
WH...?? WHAT FOR? WE'RE ONLY ASKIN' FOR TROUBLE!


TAKE THAT SHARP LEFT THERE! IT'S A SHORT CUT TO THE INTERSECTION THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR!
OKAY! BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT!

HOW MUCH FARTHER DO WE GO?
TWO MILES DOWN TILL WE GET TO A BRIDGE! I KNOW THIS ROAD LIKE THE PALM OF MY HAND!

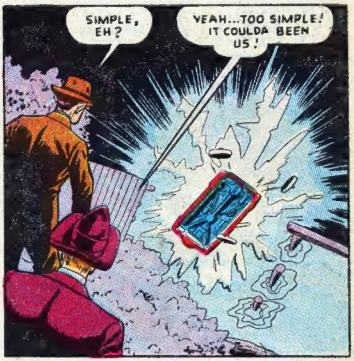
C'MON! WE AIN'T GOT MUCH TIME LEFT TO PULL THIS LITTLE CAPER!
HOW ABOUT LETTIN' US IN ON THE SCORE, EARS? WE'RE GETTIN' JITTERY ABOUT THIS DEAL!

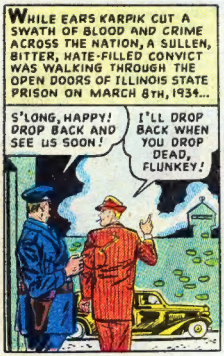
OKAY! GRAB HOLD OF THOSE BOARDS AN' DRAG 'EM INTO THE WOODS! WE DON'T WANNA KEEP THOSE MUGS FROM GETTIN' TO TYLER IN TIME!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE WASHOUT?
DETOUR! DANGER! BRIDGE WASHED OUT AHEAD!

NOW DO YOU GET IT? I DON'T LIKE GUYS WHO DISOBEY ORDERS! WE GOT THE SWAG AND THOSE BIRDS ARE GONNA TAKE A HIGH DIVE!
I'D HATE TO BE WORKIN' AGAINST YOUR BRAINS, EARS! BRRRR...WHAT A CROSS!

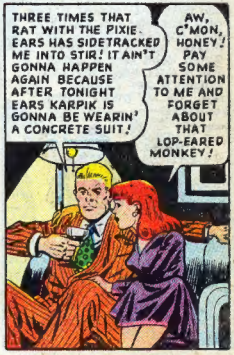
LAY LOW! HERE COME THE SUCKERS!
THEY AIN'T EVEN SEEN THE WASHOUT YET!

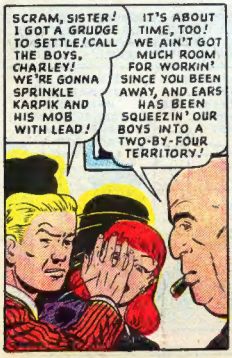
WHAT THE...?? YEEEOWW!
THE BRIDGE! IT'S OUT!


SIMPLE, EH?
YEAH...TOO SIMPLE! IT COULDA BEEN US!


WHILE EARS KARPIK CUT A SWATH OF BLOOD AND CRIME ACROSS THE NATION, A SULLEN, BITTER, HATE-FILLED CONVICT WAS WALKING THROUGH THE OPEN DOORS OF ILLINOIS STATE PRISON ON MARCH 8TH, 1934...
S'LONG, HAPPY! DROP BACK AND SEE US SOON!
I'LL DROP BACK WHEN YOU DROP DEAD, FLUNKEY!

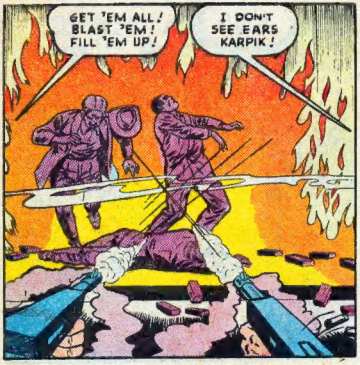
GLAD T'SEE YA, HAPPY! WE GOT YOUR NOTE AND WE'RE HEADIN' FOR A LITTLE RECEPTION THE GANG IS TOSSIN'!
MAKE IT A SHORT RECEPTION, CHARLEY! I GOT A LOAD OF POISON IN MY GUN FOR A GUY NAMED EARS KARPIK!


THREE TIMES THAT RAT WITH THE PIXIE EARS HAS SIDETRACKED ME INTO STIR! IT AIN'T GONNA HAPPEN AGAIN BECAUSE AFTER TONIGHT EARS KARPIK IS GONNA BE WEARIN' A CONCRETE SUIT!
AW, C'MON, HONEY! PAY SOME ATTENTION TO ME AND FORGET ABOUT THAT LOP-EARED MONKEY!


SCRAM, SISTER! I GOT A GRUDGE TO SETTLE! CALL THE BOYS, CHARLEY! WE'RE GONNA SPRINKLE KARPIK AND HIS MOB WITH LEAD!
IT'S ABOUT TIME, TOO! WE AIN'T GOT MUCH ROOM FOR WORKIN' SINCE YOU BEEN AWAY, AND EARS HAS BEEN SQUEEZIN' OUR BOYS INTO A TWO-BY-FOUR TERRITORY!

THAT NIGHT IN CHICAGO, A RING OF DEATH CLOSED IN AROUND THE SIXTH STREET POOLROOM WHERE EARS KARPIK'S GANG CAROUSED AND RESTED...
ARE THEY ALL THERE?
YEAH! WE AIN'T SURE ABOUT EARS BUT ZIGGY SAYS HIS CAR IS PARKED IN THE ALLEY! WE'LL TOSS THE POTATO IN FIRST AND CLIP 'EM AS THEY COME OUT!

BA-ARROOOOM!


GET 'EM ALL! BLAST 'EM! FILL 'EM UP!
I DON'T SEE EARS KARPIK!

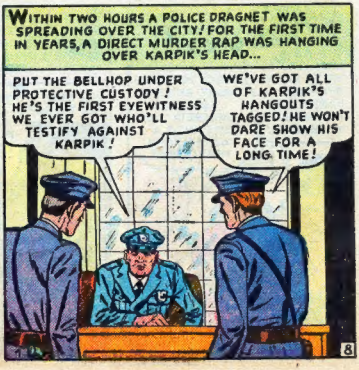
BY A STRANGE QUIRK OF FATE, EARS KARPIK HAD BORROWED A FRIEND'S CAR AND WAS AT THAT MOMENT HEADING FOR THE CLUB...
WHAT TH...??!! SWING AROUND, ERNIE! GET OUTTA HERE! IT'S A SLAUGHTERHOUSE!
THEY GOT MOST OF THE BOYS! IT'S LARKIN'S MOB!

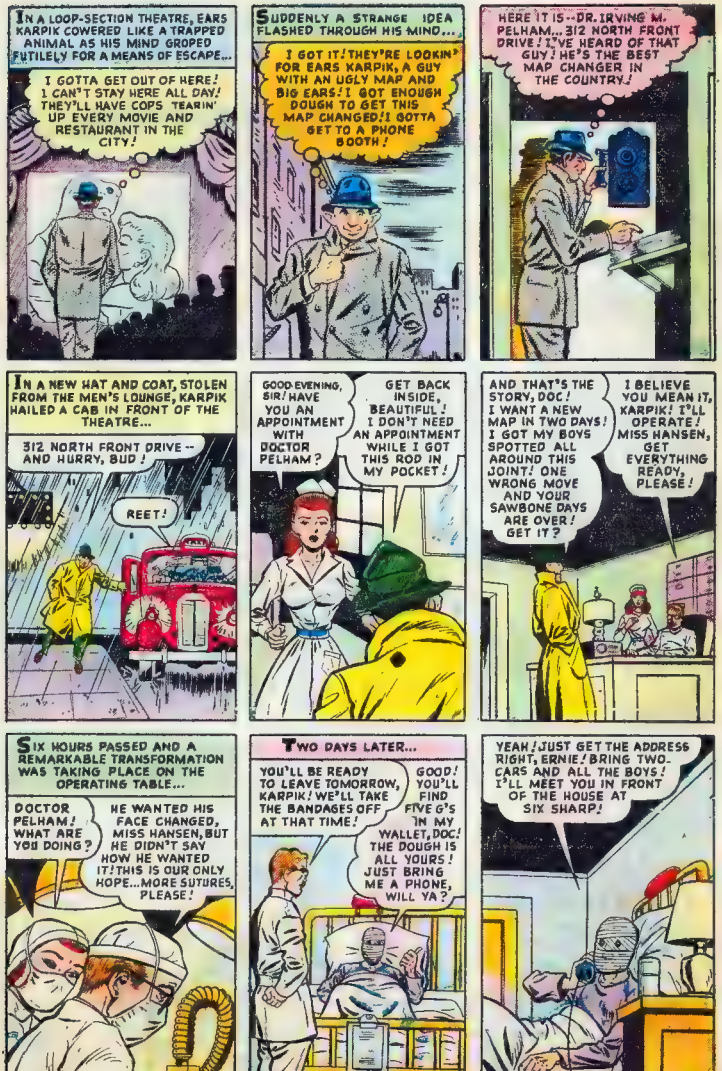
YOU GUYS CALL SWEAT TILSON AND TELL HIM I'M READY TO JOIN FORCES WITH HIM! GET TILSON AND ALL HIS BOYS DOWN HERE AND SIT TIGHT FOR A CALL FROM ME! I'M GONNA BLAST LARKIN ON MY OWN!

THAT NIGHT, IN THE BASEMENT OF THE SHORESIDE HOTEL...
GO UP TO ROOM 613 AND TELL HAPPY LARKIN THAT ONE OF HIS BOYS WANTS TO SEE HIM! TELL HIM WE GOT WIND THAT THE LAW'S GOT THE HEAT ON HIM FOR THE KARPIK JOB! I GOTTA SEE HIM!
SURE, MISTER! I'LL GET HIM RIGHT DOWN HERE!

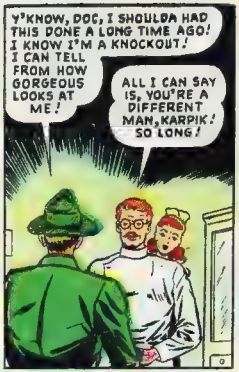
THREE MINUTES LATER, HAPPY LARKIN STEPPED INTO THE BASEMENT...
HARRY?... JOE? WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE YOU IN THIS DARK ROOM!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEE ME, LARKIN! IF YOU DID, YOU'D ONLY SEE A PAIR OF KING-SIZE EARS!

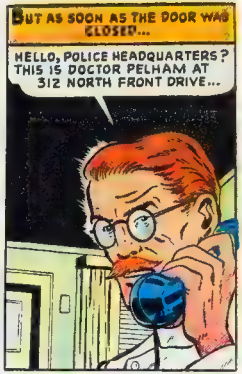
WH...??!... EARS KARPIK! WHY, YOU...!! OHNNNH!
THAT'S RIGHT, LARKIN! LITTLE EARS KARPIK! THE KID WHO USED TO KEEP CHICKY FOR YOU!
BLAM! BLAM!


WITHIN TWO HOURS A POLICE DRAGNET WAS SPREADING OVER THE CITY! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, A DIRECT MURDER RAP WAS HANGING OVER KARPIK'S HEAD...
PUT THE BELLHOP UNDER PROTECTIVE CUSTODY! HE'S THE FIRST EYEWITNESS WE EVER GOT WHO'LL TESTIFY AGAINST KARPIK!
WE'VE GOT ALL OF KARPIK'S HANGOUTS TAGGED! HE WON'T DARE SHOW HIS FACE FOR A LONG TIME!


IN A LOOP-SECTION THEATRE, EARS KARPIK COWERED LIKE A TRAPPED ANIMAL AS HIS MIND GROPED FUTILELY FOR A MEANS OF ESCAPE...
I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! I CAN'T STAY HERE ALL DAY! THEY'LL HAVE COPS TEARIN' UP EVERY MOVIE AND RESTAURANT IN THE CITY!
SUDDENLY A STRANGE IDEA FLASHED THROUGH HIS MIND...
I GOT IT! THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR EARS KARPIK, A GUY WITH AN UGLY MAP AND BIG EARS! I GOT ENOUGH DOUGH TO GET THIS MAP CHANGED! I GOTTA GET TO A PHONE BOOTH!
HERE IT IS--DR. IRVING M. PELHAM... 312 NORTH FRONT DRIVE! I'VE HEARD OF THAT GUY! HE'S THE BEST MAP CHANGER IN THE COUNTRY!
IN A NEW HAT AND COAT, STOLEN FROM THE MEN'S LOUNGE, KARPIK HAILED A CAB IN FRONT OF THE THEATRE...
312 NORTH FRONT DRIVE -- AND HURRY, BUD!
REET!
GOOD EVENING, SIR! HAVE YOU AN APPOINTMENT WITH DOCTOR PELHAM?
GET BACK INSIDE, BEAUTIFUL! I DON'T NEED AN APPOINTMENT WHILE I GOT THIS ROD IN MY POCKET!
AND THAT'S THE STORY, DOC! I WANT A NEW MAP IN TWO DAYS! I GOT MY BOYS SPOTTED ALL AROUND THIS JOINT! ONE WRONG MOVE AND YOUR SAWBONE DAYS ARE OVER! GET IT?
I BELIEVE YOU MEAN IT, KARPIK! I'LL OPERATE! MISS HANSEN, GET EVERYTHING READY, PLEASE!
SIX HOURS PASSED AND A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION WAS TAKING PLACE ON THE OPERATING TABLE...
DOCTOR PELHAM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HE WANTED HIS FACE CHANGED, MISS HANSEN, BUT HE DIDN'T SAY HOW HE WANTED IT! THIS IS OUR ONLY HOPE... MORE SUTURES, PLEASE!
TWO DAYS LATER...
YOU'LL BE READY TO LEAVE TOMORROW, KARPIK! WE'LL TAKE THE BANDAGES OFF AT THAT TIME!
GOOD! YOU'LL FIND FIVE G'S IN MY WALLET, DOC! THE DOUGH IS ALL YOURS! JUST BRING ME A PHONE, WILL YA?
YEAH! JUST GET THE ADDRESS RIGHT, ERNIE! BRING TWO CARS AND ALL THE BOYS! I'LL MEET YOU IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE AT SIX SHARP!

THE FOLLOWING DAY...
THANKS, DOC! JUST KEEP YOUR YAP SHUT AND EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY! HOW DO I LOOK, GORGEOUS?
TERRIFIC, MR. KARPIK! I'M SORRY WE DON'T HAVE A MIRROR AROUND!

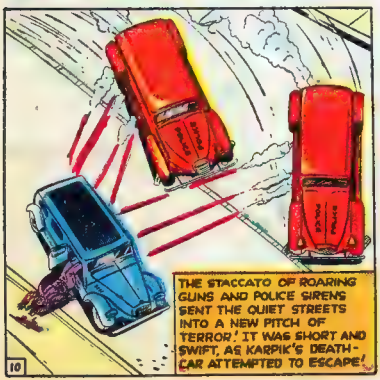

Y'KNOW, DOC, I SHOULDA HAD THIS DONE A LONG TIME AGO! I KNOW I'M A KNOCKOUT! I CAN TELL FROM HOW GORGEOUS LOOKS AT ME!
ALL I CAN SAY IS, YOU'RE A DIFFERENT MAN, KARPIK! SO LONG!


BUT AS SOON AS THE DOOR WAS CLOSED...
HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS? THIS IS DOCTOR PELHAM AT 312 NORTH FRONT DRIVE...

THEY OUGHTTA BE HERE ANY MINUTE! BOY, WAIT TILL THEY GET A LOAD OF MY NEW MAP! PRETTY BOY KARPIK, THEY'LL CALL ME!

HI, BOYS! HEY, WH...?? LAY DOWN THEM GATS! IT'S ME, EARS KARPIK! I GOT A NEW MAP, THAT'S ALL! LAY DOWN THEM BLASTERS!

RAT-TAT-TAT!
ZZZING!
BLAM!
ZZZANG!
WHIZZ!
IT'S ME... EARS KARPIK! I... GOT... A... NEW MAP... ...OHHHH!


THE STACCATO OF ROARING GUNS AND POLICE SIRENS SENT THE QUIET STREETS INTO A NEW PITCH OF TERROR! IT WAS SHORT AND SWIFT, AS KARPIK'S DEATH-CAR ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE!
10

WHEN THE HAIL OF DEATH FROM POLICE GUNS HAD CEASED, NORTH FRONT DRIVE WAS LITTERED WITH THE BODIES OF THE KARPIK-TILSON GANGS...
(GLUG!) WHY... WHY DID THEY SHOOT? I TOLD 'EM I HAD MY MAP CHANGED! OHHH...!
SURE, KARPIK! BUT YOU DIDN'T TELL THEM THAT THE DOC CHANGED YOUR FACE TO LOOK LIKE HAPPY LARKIN'S... YOUR GANG'S ARCHENEMY! YES, EARS, YOU CONSIDERED YOURSELF A MASTER OF THE DOUBLE CROSS, BUT YOU ENDED UP AS A VICTIM OF THE GREATEST DOUBLE CROSS OF ALL!
THE END

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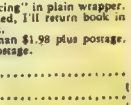

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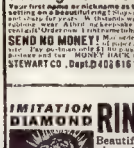

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JONATHAN WILD
The SCOURGE of LONDON!

Based on A TRUE STORY

JONATHAN WILD WAS THE CREATOR OF ORGANIZED CRIME BUT, LIKE HIS 20TH CENTURY BROTHERS, HE PAID SOCIETY IN FULL FOR HIS FOLLY!

JONATHAN WILD? HE DESERTED US... WE HATE HIM!
THAT FANCY PANTS, JONATHAN WILD... I'LL KILL HIM SOMEDAY!
I'M HIS SECOND WIFE! ...HE CUT MY EAR OFF BUT HE'LL PAY FOR THAT!
SURE HE GIVES US PROTECTION, BUT AT WHAT PRICE? YES, HE'S A MENACE TO OUR INTERESTS!
SOMETHING TELLS ME SIR STANTON'S WIFE IS GOING TO MAKE TROUBLE...
ARE THESE THE PEARLS YOU MENTIONED IN THE NEWSPAPERS, SIR STANTON? YOU SEE, WHEN I PURCHASED THEM FROM...ER... AHEM... AN HONEST JEWELER, I HAD NO IDEA THEY WERE STOLEN GOODS! HOWEVER, I COULD PART WITH THEM FOR, SAY... 5000 POUNDS?
YES! YES, I'LL PAY! MR. WILD, THOSE PEARLS HAVE GREAT SENTIMENTAL VALUE TO ME! ANY PRICE IS WORTH IT!
NO, DARLING, NO! WE'RE DEALING WITH A MAN WHO MASQUERADES AS A CAVALIER! LET'S CALL THE POLICE!
POLICE? IF JONATHAN GIVES ME THE SIGNAL I'LL SLIT HER PRETTY THROAT!
8221

JONATHAN WILD WASN'T BORN A CRIMINAL... HE WAS A SELF-MADE MASTER OF CRIME! THE YOUNG ENGLISH BLACKSMITH COMBINED BRAINS AND ORGANIZATION IN A "BUSINESS" AS OLD AS TIME... AND REAPED PROFITS, GRATITUDE, AND RESPECT FROM THE PEOPLE HE ROBBED! YES, JONATHAN WILD WAS THE WORLD'S FIRST GANGSTER... BUT NOT THE LAST TO PAY WITH HIS LIFE FOR CHOOSING

CRIME AS A CAREER!

JONATHAN WILD WALKED OUT OF ENGLAND'S FENSGATE PRISON ON JULY 5TH, 1710, A FREE MAN... HIS DEBT TO SOCIETY FOR DESERTING HIS WIFE AND CHILD WAS PAID! BUT THE YOUNG BLACKSMITH DIDN'T RETURN TO HIS TOWN OR TRADE, FOR IN JAIL HE RECEIVED A THOROUGH EDUCATION IN CRIME FROM THE OTHER PRISONERS, AND DECIDED TO MAKE A CAREER OF IT...

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

ARRIVING IN LONDON, WILD MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF MISS MARY MILLINER, A YOUNG WOMAN OF SHADY REPUTATION!

I'M JONATHAN WILD! YOU'RE A VERY PRETTY YOUNG LADY! WHAT WERE YOU IN GAOL FOR?

GLAD TO MEET YE! WHY, I'M ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN THIEVES IN LONDON!

I 'APPEN TO KNOW ALL THE THIEVES IN THIS TOWN! ALL OF 'EM, MIND YE, NO MATTER WHAT THEIR LINE!

SAY! THAT'S WONDERFUL! IF YOU'RE WILLING TO PLAY ALONG WITH ME, I'LL MAKE YOU ONE OF THE RICHEST WOMEN IN LONDON!

THOUGH ALREADY MARRIED, WILD WEDDED MARY MILLINER, AND THEY OPENED AN INN WHICH SOON BECAME NOTORIOUS IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME!

HERE'S WHERE WE START OPERATIONS! NOW IT'S UP TO YOU TO SEE THAT ALL THE CROOKS IN LONDON BECOME OUR REGULAR CUSTOMERS!

INN of Friendships

MARY MILLINER IMMEDIATELY BEGAN TO BRING CUSTOMERS TO THE INN...

JONATHAN, 'ERE'S EARL CUTTER, JEWEL THIEF AND ELI BURTON.. ONE O' THE BEST PICKPOCKETS IN THIS TOWN!

PLEASED TO MEET YOU GENTS!

AND BY THE END OF A MONTH SHE HAD LITERALLY INTRODUCED WILD TO EVERY CROOK IN LONDON...

HERE'S MATT LARNS, FOOT-PAD--AN' BILL HIKES, SECOND-STORY MAN! AN' THAT'S THE LOT!

MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE, GENTS!

LATE ONE NIGHT, A SHORT TIME LATER, JONATHAN WILD SUDDENLY AWAKENED...

SORRY FER BARGIN' IN LIKE THIS, MR WILD, BUT I JUST PINCHED THIS WALLET AN' THE CONSTABLES ARE ON MY HEELS!

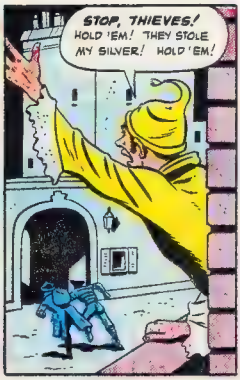
THINK NOTHING OF IT! I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE TO HIDE!

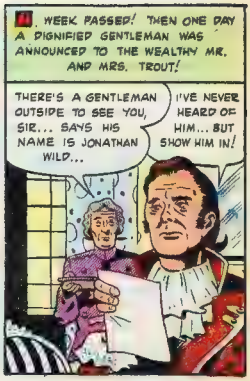
NOBODY'LL LOOK FOR YOU IN MY WINE CELLAR!

SOON WILD'S INN WAS ORGANIZED TO AN EXTENT NEVER HEARD OF BEFORE...

FROM NOW ON ... INSTEAD OF SELLING STOLEN GOODS TO SOME CUTTHROAT PAWNBROKER FOR RIDICULOUS PRICES, BRING THEM TO ME! I'LL GIVE YOU FAIR PRICES AND PROTECT YOU FROM THE POLICE, TOO!

WILD'S SCHEME BEGAN TO WORK IMMEDIATELY...
WH...? EEEK! HELP! THIEVES!


STOP, THIEVES! HOLD 'EM! THEY STOLE MY SILVER! HOLD 'EM!


A WEEK PASSED! THEN ONE DAY A DIGNIFIED GENTLEMAN WAS ANNOUNCED TO THE WEALTHY MR. AND MRS. TROUT!
THERE'S A GENTLEMAN OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU, SIR... SAYS HIS NAME IS JONATHAN WILD...
I'VE NEVER HEARD OF HIM... BUT SHOW HIM IN!

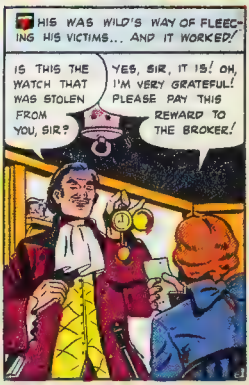
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT THE STOLEN SILVER YOU'VE ADVERTISED FOR IN THE PAPERS WAS SOLD TO A BROKER FRIEND OF MINE, WHO NATURALLY DIDN'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST IDEA THAT IT WAS STOLEN GOODS!
WELL--THAT IS GOOD NEWS INDEED!

YOU UNDERSTAND, OF COURSE...MY FRIEND, WHO'S AN HONEST MAN, WANTS TO KEEP THIS MATTER VERY DISCREET... BUT I THINK IF YOU WERE PREPARED TO PAY HIM THE REWARD MONEY YOU'RE OFFERING, HE MIGHT BE WILLING...

BUT OF COURSE, SIR! THIS SILVERWARE IS A FAMILY HEIRLOOM AND I'LL BE GLAD TO PAY THE REWARD AND MORE
FINE, SIR! I'LL ATTEND TO THE ENTIRE MATTER WITH THE UTMOST DISCRETION!
BUT--BUT DOESN'T IT SEEM THAT...

MRS. TROUT SEEMS TO HAVE CERTAIN DOUBTS! IN THAT CASE, I'D BETTER WITHDRAW! I HAPPEN TO BE A RESPECTABLE INN-KEEPER AT CRIPPLE-GATE!
WHA... WHY... CLAIRE! DON'T YOU SEE THAT WE'RE DEALING WITH A GENTLEMAN?

NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICE AT JONATHAN WILD'S INN...
I PRESUME THIS IS YOUR SILVERWARE, MR. TROUT?
YES! YES MR. WILD! HERE'S THE REWARD! AND MANY THANKS!


THIS WAS WILD'S WAY OF FLEECING HIS VICTIMS... AND IT WORKED!
IS THIS THE WATCH THAT WAS STOLEN FROM YOU, SIR?
YES, SIR, IT IS! OH, I'M VERY GRATEFUL! PLEASE PAY THIS REWARD TO THE BROKER!

WILD'S BUSINESS WENT SO WELL THAT AFTER A YEAR HAD PASSED, HE OPENED A LARGE OFFICE WHERE HIS VICTIMS COULD PRAISE HIS AMAZING ABILITIES!

MR. WILD, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT! I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE MY JEWELS AGAIN! YOU'RE SIMPLY AMAZING!

THANK YOU, MADAME! THANK YOU INDEED!

WHEN, ONE DAY, MARY MILLINER REPORTED...

LISTEN, JONATHAN-- ONE OF OUR SPIES REPORTS THAT JAKE BLADE HAS SOLD STOLEN GOODS BEHIND YOUR BACK FOR A COUPLE OF SHILLINGS!

IS *THAT* SO? WHERE IS HE--AT THE INN? I'LL TAKE CARE OF *HIM!*

SO, YOU CROOK-- YOU'RE SELLING STOLEN GOODS WITHOUT MY KNOWLEDGE, EH? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT FROM *ME* YOU'D GET DOUBLE AS MUCH?

SO WHAT?

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT *ALL* THE THIEVES IN THIS TOWN HAVE AN AGREEMENT WITH *ME?* THIS IS TO *REMIND* YOU!

YE'D BETTER REPORT 'IM TO THE TO THE POLICE, JONATHAN!

PLEASE, MR. WILD-- DON'T REPORT ME! PLEASE!

TRY ANY MORE CROOKED BUSINESS WITHOUT ME AND I *WILL!*

WILD'S FORTUNE AND HIS POWER OVER LONDON'S THIEVES GREW SO FAST THAT HE BEGAN TO PLAY THE MAGNIFICENT GENTLEMAN...

MY, OH, MY! JONATHAN WILD, THE KING OF THIEVES! AN' CARRYIN' A SWORD! THAT KILLS ME! *HA! HA! HA!*

IT WILL IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP! I DON'T TAKE THAT FROM ANYBODY!

OHH!

SWISH

THE FACT THAT HE'D BUT MARY MILLINER'S EAR OFF DIDN'T SLOW JONATHAN WILD UP AT ALL!

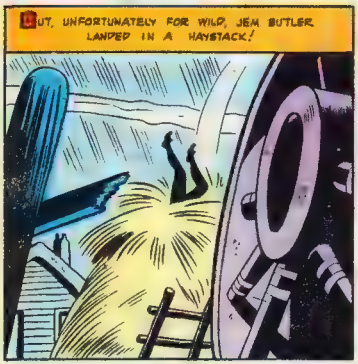
THE ONLY THING I ALLOW YOU TO DO IS STEAL, AND REPORT TO ME *ALL* YOU STEAL! I DON'T WANT ANY KILLINGS OR MURDERS! IF YOU DON'T ABIDE BY MY ORDERS, YOU'LL ANSWER TO ME PERSONALLY!

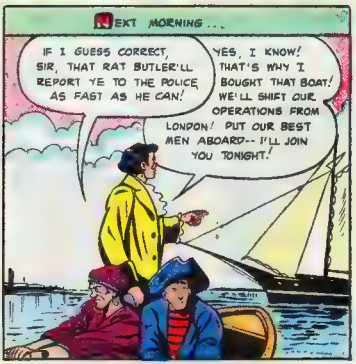
A FEW WEEKS LATER...
MY PURSE! HELP!! ARRAGH!
HEY! DON'T KILL 'IM! YE KNOW WHAT JONATHAN SAID!
THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT... IT WAS MURDER!
YOU FOOL! THERE'LL BE THE DEVIL TO PAY FOR THIS!
SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND RUN!
THERE'S BEEN A MURDER DONE, MR. WILD! BURKE AND TOBEY WAS SNATCHIN' A PURSE, AN'...
SO... THEY'VE DISOBEYED MY ORDERS, EH?
JONATHAN WILD WAS THE ONE WHO REPORTED THE MURDERERS TO THE POLICE! SOME TIME IN 1716 THEY STOOD BEFORE THE COURT...
AND YOU SAY, MR. JONATHAN WILD, THAT THESE TWO MEN ARE THE MURDERERS?
YES, YOUR LORDSHIP... I HAPPENED TO BE PASSING, AND I SAW THEM KILL THE MAN WITH MY OWN EYES!
...AND SO THE COURT SENTENCES THE TWO OF YOU TO BE HANGED BY YOUR NECKS UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD!
I HOPE YOU'LL HANG, TOO, YOU FIEND!
SHUT UP, YOU, AN' MOVE ALONG!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
MR. WILD, JEM BUTLER'S SELLIN' STOLEN GOODS ON THE OUTSIDE, AND...
HE IS, EH? WELL, I'M GOING TO PUT A STOP TO THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL! CALL OUT MY STRONG-ARM SQUAD!

LEADING HIS DREADED SQUAD, WILD WENT THROUGH EVERY CORNER OF LONDON'S DISTRICTS OF CRIME, SEARCHING FOR THE DOUBLE-CROSSING JEM BUTLER!

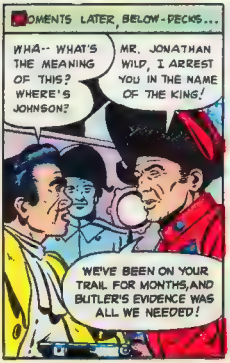
SUDDENLY, WHILE SEARCHING THE ROOF-TOPS...
NOW YE'RE GONNA PAY FER THIS, YE--
WHA--JEM BUTLER! GRAB HIM, MEN!

SO, YOU UNGRATEFUL RAT, I'M GOING TO PAY, AM I? HA! HA! HA! THROW HIM OVER, MEN!


BUT, UNFORTUNATELY FOR WILD, JEM BUTLER LANDED IN A HAYSTACK!


NEXT MORNING...
IF I GUESS CORRECT, SIR, THAT RAT BUTLER'LL REPORT YE TO THE POLICE AS FAST AS HE CAN!
YES, I KNOW! THAT'S WHY I BOUGHT THAT BOAT! WE'LL SHIFT OUR OPERATIONS FROM LONDON! PUT OUR BEST MEN ABOARD--I'LL JOIN YOU TONIGHT!

AND WHEN NIGHT SET IN...
GLAD TO KNOW YE, MR. WILD! I'M ONE OF THE NEW CREW ENGAGED BY ROGER JOHNSON!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! TELL JOHNSON TO LIFT THE ANCHOR! I'M GOING BELOW!


MOMENTS LATER, BELOW-DECKS...
WHA--WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHERE'S JOHNSON?
MR. JONATHAN WILD, I ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF THE KING!
WE'VE BEEN ON YOUR TRAIL FOR MONTHS, AND BUTLER'S EVIDENCE WAS ALL WE NEEDED!

JONATHAN WILD WAS HANGED IN TYBURN PRISON ON MAY 24, 1725, PROVING THAT GANGSTERISM IS BY NO MEANS A STRICTLY AMERICAN INSTITUTION!

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☐ I enclose $3.98 Please rush the Binoculars and Carrying Case to me all postage charges prepaid

The Fantastic Telephone Murders

IN the secret files of the Los Angeles police lies buried the case history of the Pellini gang — George and Mike Pellini and their cousin, Doc Sancho. The Pellinis stumped the L.A. cops and all the crime experts in the West for six months with their fantastic crimes of *murder* by telephone. The exact, scientific details will never be released to the public, because the last thing the police want is for Doc Sancho's diabolical little invention to become public property. I learned enough about the case to tell you what happened whenever George dialed one of his *hot* phone numbers, even though I don't know exactly *why* it happened.

Let's go back to one afternoon in March, 1941. The Pellinis had a specialty of knocking off citizens who carried too much insurance, and who had greedy relatives. This way they picked up a nice piece of change for their services. The insurance companies had been paying out, since they hadn't yet suspected that the deaths were accidental. The boys knew they were overdoing a good thing, and Doc, the chemist, was working on a new system that he hoped would be foolproof. On an afternoon in March, they were hanging around George's apartment on Santa Monica, and Doc was working at his lab table. Doc spent every day at that table, but the thing that made this day important was his announcement to George and Mike, who were in the living room.

"Hey, George, Mike, I *got* it!" he shouted. "It *works!* C'mon in here."

George and Mike ran into the kitchen, where Doc had his lab.

"Sure, he's got it," Mike said skeptically. "It works fine! But what good is it, Doc? Why don't you work on something practical, like a new silencer, 'stead of these dream gadgets."

"Shut up, Mike," George ordered. "You're too stupid to understand what Doc is doing."

"Go ahead, Doc," he continued. "Let's have it!"

Doc skillfully attached a small, silver-colored tube to a telephone bell box he had on his table, and then, his hand holding a buzzer a few feet removed, he turned to the boys to explain in his scholarly manner.

"When I push this button, it will ring the bell in the telephone box. Just like it should. But . . . a few seconds after the bell rings, and I can time it, the small silver tube will disappear, and well . . . you watch it."

Doc pressed the button, and sure enough, the bell rang. The other men watched eagerly with their eyes intent on the little cylindrical piece of metal. Suddenly, this object burst into flame, burned a moment, and quickly died out, leaving nothing but a tiny particle of fine, grey ash. Doc turned to the others triumphantly and waited for their comment.

"Okay, so we got a new *toy* for the Fourth of July," Mike said. "How do we make a buck out of this thing?"

Even George was stumped and for the first time he sided with Mike. "What's the answer. Doc? How do we use this gadget?" he asked.

Doc pushed a strand of hair out of his eyes, grinned, and said, "Boys, this little 'gadget' is going to make us all rich and respectable and . . . safe. It's simple. The tube I just burned up was empty. But when we want to knock off a sucker, we fill it with a poison gas I know, which will kill instantly. Get it? We set a time with, say a dissatisfied wife who wants to latch on to some insurance dough. We install the gadget for her in the afternoon. There's a little switch which turns the connection on and off. Some time during the evening, she tells her husband she has to go out to buy something she forgot during the day. When she goes out, she flips the switch *on*. Then, at the time we agree on, we phone her house. She's out, so her husband answers the phone. After the bell rings, the gadget sits a few seconds. When he gets on the phone, the

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY...

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LONE RANGER'S
'Silver Bullet'
BALL POINT Pen Set
with this Cowboy's Belt
See TEXAS LONGHORN BUCKLE — also TIP and GUARD — engraved in simulated SILVER!
Belt and Cartridge Holder Genuine Tooled Steerhide — Engraved Silvery Metal "Fixings!"
For Ranger's Secret Code 3-Pen Set Writes in 3 different Colors!
LONE RANGER
SILVER
TONTO

Lone Ranger Pals! Now use his own "Silver Bullet" pen set for his secret code! Carry safely in the cartridge holder of this real steerhide cowboy's belt — with silvery engraved longhorn buckle and fixin's — all included. These Lone Ranger pens are real writin' sure-nuff *ball point* pens in bullet shape . . . never need filling! Use pen with picture of the Lone Ranger to write BLUE for secret. Use pen with Silver's picture to write RED for danger. Pen with Tonto's picture writes GREEN — for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

BE FIRST TO WEAR IT!

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BLUE for secret
GREEN for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

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- 1 Cartridge Holder
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DOCTOR ANITA WYNTON

BORN IN AUGUSTA, MAINE... JULY 9, 1881

STILL LIVING IN AN EAST-COAST MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL... IN A PADDED CELL!

THE MAD WOMAN WHO PLAYED WITH POISON!

5783

DR. ANITA WYNTON WAS A SKILLFUL SURGEON WHO HAD WON THE ESTEEM OF HER PATIENTS AND THE RESPECT OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION-- UNTIL SHE MADE THE MISTAKE OF BELIEVING THAT SHE HAD THE RIGHT TO KILL! THE AMAZING STORY OF HER DISGRACE AND DESTRUCTION BEGAN IN HER CONSULTATION OFFICE IN THE SUMMER OF 1934!

DR. WYNTON, MA'AM, YOUR SISTER WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU!

DON'T STAND THERE LIKE A NINNY! SHOW HER IN AND STOP WASTING TIME!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT? MAKE IT QUICK! I'M BUSY!

ANITA, I HEARD THAT YOU'VE INVITED MINA HOLBY TO LIVE HERE UNTIL HER MARRIAGE TO DONALD! I THINK YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE-- DONALD IS NOT IN LOVE WITH THE GIRL! I THINK...

AS LONG AS YOU LIVE IN MY HOUSE, YOU'LL THINK THE WAY I WANT YOU TO! DONALD IS MY SON, AND HE'LL DO AS I SAY! MINA HOLBY COMES FROM A GOOD FAMILY-- SHE'LL MAKE HIM A GOOD WIFE!

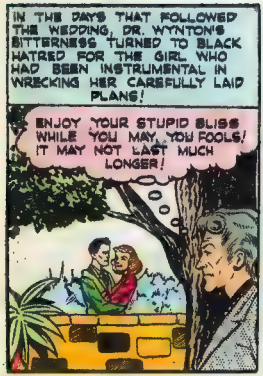
BUT, ANITA, YOU HAVEN'T EVEN TOLD HIM!

OF COURSE I HAVEN'T TOLD HIM-- I DIDN'T CONSIDER IT NECESSARY UNTIL ALL ARRANGEMENTS WERE MADE! BUT I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO TELL HIM NOW! PLEASE SEND HIM TO ME!

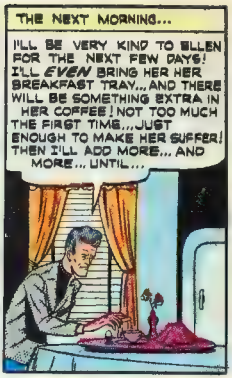
YES, ANITA!

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

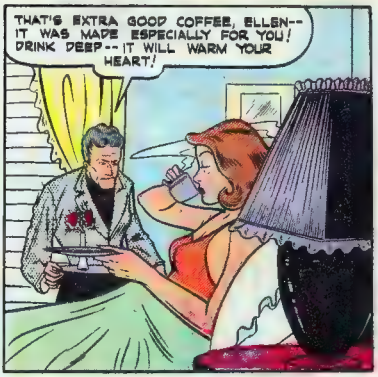
AUNT MADGE SAID YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MOTHER!
YES, DONALD! I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SAY TO YOU! IT'S ABOUT YOUR FUTURE--SOMETHING I HAVE PLANNED FOR YEARS!
THAT'S A COINCIDENCE! I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU, AND IT'S ALSO ABOUT MY FUTURE!
I DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE TO TELL YOU THIS BEFORE...I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED! SHE'S ELLEN CANFIELD--YOU'VE MET HER SEVERAL TIMES!
WHAT!
DONALD, YOU CAN'T DO THAT! I'VE MADE PLANS FOR YOU! YOU CAN'T MARRY THIS GIRL--I FORBID IT!
I'M SORRY, MOTHER, BUT YOU CAN'T FORBID ANYTHING...IT'S MY LIFE, AND I MUST LIVE IT MY OWN WAY! I'D HOPED YOU'D BE REASONABLE!
I'M SORRY, SON! I DIDN'T MEAN THAT OUTBURST! ...IT WAS THE SURPRISE! YOU MUST INVITE ELLEN OVER--WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE PARTY TOMORROW NIGHT!
THANKS, MOTHER, I KNEW YOU'D SEE IT MY WAY!
ALTHOUGH EMBITTERED BY HER SON'S REFUSAL TO OBEY HER, DR. WYNTON KEPT HER TRUE FEELINGS HIDDEN--WHILE HER SHREWD BRAIN TRIED TO WORK OUT A WAY TO WRECK HER SON'S PLANS! AND THE NEXT NIGHT...
I'M SURE I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE DONALD HAPPY, DR. WYNTON! I LOVE HIM SO!
OF COURSE, MY DEAR! BUT I BELIEVE IT WOULD BE BEST FOR BOTH OF YOU IF YOU WAITED... SAY... A YEAR!
NO, MOTHER, WE'RE NOT GOING TO WAIT! WE'VE DECIDED TO GET MARRIED NEXT WEEK!
OH! NO!
CRASH!
WHY, MOTHER, IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG?
NO! OF COURSE NOT! ...I'M JUST A LITTLE NERVOUS! I WORKED TOO HARD, I GUESS! I THINK I'D BETTER GO UPSTAIRS TO BED!
2

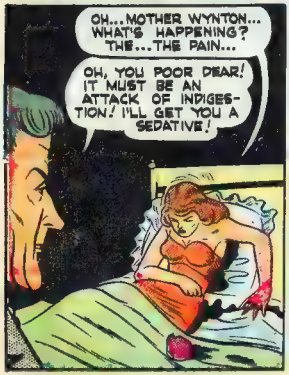

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED THE WEDDING, DR. WYNTON'S BITTERNESS TURNED TO BLACK HATRED FOR THE GIRL WHO HAD BEEN INSTRUMENTAL IN WRECKING HER CAREFULLY LAID PLANS!
ENJOY YOUR STUPID BLISS WHILE YOU MAY, YOU FOOLS! IT MAY NOT LAST MUCH LONGER!

THEY DARED GO AGAINST MY WISHES, DID THEY? I'LL SHOW THEM! THEY WILL BE PUNISHED-- BOTH OF THEM!


THE NEXT MORNING...
I'LL BE VERY KIND TO ELLEN FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS! I'LL *EVEN* BRING HER HER BREAKFAST TRAY... AND THERE WILL BE SOMETHING EXTRA IN HER COFFEE! NOT TOO MUCH THE FIRST TIME... JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE HER SUFFER! THEN I'LL ADD MORE... AND MORE... UNTIL...

WHY, MOTHER WYNTON, YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T!
WHY NOT? I ENJOY BEING OF SERVICE TO OTHERS!


THAT'S EXTRA GOOD COFFEE, ELLEN-- IT WAS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU! DRINK DEEP-- IT WILL WARM YOUR HEART!


OH... MOTHER WYNTON... WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE... THE PAIN...
OH, YOU POOR DEAR! IT MUST BE AN ATTACK OF INDIGESTION! I'LL GET YOU A SEDATIVE!

MY DEAR ELLEN'S DINNER WILL BE EVEN MORE EFFECTIVE THAN HER BREAKFAST! JUST A LITTLE MORE POISON, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO KILL! SHE MUST SUFFER FIRST!

OH... OOOH... THE PAIN! I CAN'T STAND IT!
GOOD HEAVENS, ELLEN! WHAT ON EARTH'S WRONG?
ELLEN'S DIGESTION HAS GONE BACK ON HER! I THINK I'D BETTER PUT HER TO BED!

EACH DAY, FOR A WEEK, THE HATE-CRAZED DR. WYNTON INCREASED THE DOSAGE OF POISON... AND THEN, THE FINAL, LETHAL DOSE!
FINALLY, ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 12, 1934...
MOTHER! IT'S ELLEN--I CAN'T WAKEN HER!
NONSENSE! ELLEN IS ALL RIGHT! SHE'S PROBABLY FAST ASLEEP, BUT I'LL TAKE A LOOK!
DR. WYNTON PRIVATE
WHY... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND! SHE'S DEAD!
DEAD! NO! NO, SHE CAN'T.... OH...
I KNOW IT'S SMALL SOLACE, SON, BUT YOU MUST HAVE COURAGE! YOU'D BETTER LEAVE US ALONE WITH HER!
ARE YOU GOING TO PERFORM AN AUTOPSY, DR. WYNTON?
DON'T BE A FOOL--THERE'S NO NEED EVEN TO EXAMINE THE BODY! I KILLED HER WITH POISON! THIS IS HER PUNISHMENT FOR DARING TO HAVE COME BETWEEN DONALD AND MY PLANS FOR HIM!
NO! NO! YOU... YOU DIDN'T!
STOP SNIVELING, YOU FOOL! OF COURSE I KILLED HER-- I HAD THE RIGHT!
IF ANYONE ASKS YOU, YOU WILL TELL THEM I PERFORMED AN AUTOPSY! YOU WILL BEAR OUT MY STORY, THAT WE FOUND SHE DIED OF A RUPTURED APPENDIX!
NO! NO! I CAN'T!
YOU LITTLE FOOL...IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME YOU'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER JOB-YOU'LL STARVE TO DEATH! ONLY I WOULD EMPLOY A NURSE WITH A PRISON RECORD!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO IT! YOU'RE HURTING ME! PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE!
4

AFTER THE FUNERAL, DR. WYNTON CARRIED OFF THE PART OF A DISTRAUGHT WOMAN WELL! BUT LIKE ALL CRIMINALS, SHE OVERPLAYED HER HAND... AND ONE DAY, DURING A MEETING OF THE HOSPITAL BOARD...

IT'S AS IF I'D MURDERED THE POOR GIRL MYSELF! IF ONLY I HAD RECOGNIZED THE SYMPTOMS!

YOU MUSTN'T BLAME YOURSELF! IT'S TRAGIC, I KNOW, BUT HONEST MISTAKES DO HAPPEN!

DR. WYNTON SEEMS RATHER UPSET, DR. FRONDE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER?

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? HER DAUGTHER-IN-LAW DIED OF A RUPTURED APPENDIX! DR. WYNTON FAILED TO RECOGNIZE THE SYMPTOMS IN TIME! THE GIRL WAS THE FORMER ELLEN CANFIELD, WELL KNOWN IN NEW YORK!

ELLEN CANFIELD DEAD OF APPENDICITIS? IT'S RIDICULOUS...IMPOSSIBLE! ARE YOU SURE?

OF COURSE! I HEARD DOCTOR WYNTON SAY SO, HERSELF! SHE COULDN'T HAVE MADE A MISTAKE, ESPECIALLY AFTER PERFORMING AN AUTOPSY!

NO! A DOCTOR OF HER ABILITY COULDN'T MAKE A MISTAKE! UNLESS SHE *CHOSE* TO MAKE IT!

I DON'T PRETEND TO KNOW WHAT DOCTOR WYNTON IS UP TO! BUT THIS I DO KNOW--ELLEN DID NOT DIE OF A RUPTURED APPENDIX--AND THAT MAKES IT A CASE FOR THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

I WAS ELLEN CANFIELD'S PHYSICIAN FOR YEARS! I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

DR. MC LAIN, I DARE SAY THIS IS THE MOST BRAZEN THING I EVER HEARD OF... THE MOST STUPID, TOO! WE'LL DROP IN TO SEE DOCTOR WYNTON! I'D LIKE YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME!

DR. WYNTON! ...I'M AFRAID SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS HERE TO SEE YOU!

STOP TREMBLING AS IF YOU HAD THE AGUE, YOU FOOL! SHOW HIM IN--HE CAN PROVE NOTHING!

DR. WYNTON PRIVATE

WELL, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE OF THIS VISIT?

I HAVE A REQUEST! I WANT YOUR PERMISSION TO PERFORM AN AUTOPSY ON YOUR LATE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW! CERTAIN FACTS CONCERNING HER DEATH WARRANT IT!

YOU'LL GET NO SUCH PERMISSION FROM ME! I PERFORMED THE AUTOPSY, DETERMINED THE CAUSE OF DEATH, AND SIGNED THE DEATH CERTIFICATE! YOU DARE QUESTION MY ABILITY AS A SURGEON?
IT'S THAT VERY ABILITY AS A SURGEON WHICH CAUSES US TO REEXAMINE THE BODY!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DR. MCLAIN?
I MEAN THAT I WAS PHYSICIAN TO ELLEN CANFIELD, AND FIVE YEARS AGO I REMOVED HER APPENDIX! UNDER THOSE CIRCUMSTANCES, ELLEN COULD NOT HAVE DIED AS YOU SAID!
I KNEW WE'D BE CAUGHT! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER!
DR. WYNTON POISONED MISS ELLEN! SHE TOLD ME! THEN SHE FORCED ME TO SAY AN AUTOPSY HAD BEEN PERFORMED--EVEN THOUGH SHE NEVER LOOKED AT THE BODY! SHE MURDERED MISS ELLEN!
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT SHE INTENDED TO MURDER MISS ELLEN UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE!
THAT DOES IT--I SHALL ORDER AN AUTOPSY! MEANWHILE, DR. WYNTON, YOU'D BETTER COME DOWNTOWN WITH ME!
IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO SUBMIT TO YOUR STUPID LITTLE LAWS, THINK AGAIN! I SHALL NEVER GRACE YOUR JAIL!
POISON
NO YOU DON'T! IT'S NOT THE EASY WAY FOR YOU! YOU'LL DO IT THE HARD WAY, AS ALL KILLERS MUST!
AND IT IS THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT THAT ANITA WYNTON BE TAKEN TO THE STATE PENITENTIARY WHERE SHE SHALL BE INTERNED FOR THE REST OF HER NATURAL LIFE!
DR. ANITA WYNTON, FOR BELIEVING THAT SHE WAS ABOVE THE LAW... FOR BELIEVING THAT SHE HAD THE RIGHT TO WREAK VENGEANCE BY TAKING A HUMAN LIFE... PAID THE GRIM PENALTY... A RUINED CAREER, DISGRACE, AND THE REST OF HER NATURAL LIFE IN PRISON! DOCTOR WYNTON IS STILL IN AN INSTITUTION, HER MIND HAVING SNAPPED! SHE WILL SPEND THE REST OF HER DAYS AS A MENTAL PATIENT IN AN EAST-COAST MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL!
THE END

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silver tube lights up, burns, the gas is released, and our boy is dead, leaving a rich and sorrowful widow.

"Best part of it is that the capsule, switch, wire and all, disappear, the gas drifts away, and it looks so natural. They don't even do an autopsy. Looks like the guy had a sudden heart attack!

"Good enough, fellas?"

"Good *enough?*" repeated George. "It's tremendous! Doc, you're a genius! This is the *perfect* crime!"

The Pellinis went into high gear with their racket. Suddenly there were a lot of sudden 'heart attack' deaths in Los Angeles, all of them were men with lots of insurance. Each time, the man was alone, and the police noticed that each time the victim was either approaching the telephone or already talking into it.

Inspector Harrison of the Homicide Bureau got interested, and he called in George Norris, head engineer of the local office of the telephone company. They examined the phones and bell boxes in the last few houses where these mysterious deaths had occurred, and discovered signs of tampering. Both times there was a wire connection that had been loosened, and to which something else had been added—it seemed like another wire. What puzzled them was that there was no other wire when they investigated, but there *was* a charred spot on the side of the bell box. Harrison and Norris surmised that something had been there, and it had somehow burned off. Harrison briefed his Homicide Squad about his suspicions and told the hospitals to let them know about the next sudden 'heart attack' death.

A few nights later, a woman, calling for an ambulance, frantically shouted that her husband had collapsed.

Harrison and his men went to the address given to ask where the attack had taken place. Sure enough, right at the telephone.

Alongside the phone box, Harrison spied some fine, grey ash, scooped it up, hand-

ed it to Detective James, and ordered an immediate analysis. He then called the coroner for an autopsy.

The autopsy showed death by gas. The analysis of the ash produced the fact that it was magnesium paper. Magnesium burns very easily, and when it is used to coat paper, it will flash and die, before it even has a chance to ignite anything nearby.

Harrison realized that the tampering with the bell box had consisted of adding something made of magnesium paper, which is an excellent conductor of electricity besides being inflammable, and that the *something* had released the gas. An investigation of all chemical supply houses, where magnesium could be procured, led him to the Pellinis. He had them tailed and the police discovered the house where they made their next installation. That night, when the man's wife went out, Harrison and Norris went in, put on gas masks, and grabbed the phone when it rang. Sure enough, the material on the bell box flashed into flame, and a white vapor, the poison gas, rose straight to the man answering the phone.

Meantime, the Pellinis and Doc Sancho, so sure that they were perfectly safe, made their telephone call from George's apartment, without even locking the door, and they were picked up there after the call. Detective James took them down to headquarters for immediate questioning.

Together with the wives of five 'telephone murder' victims, the Pellinis and Sancho were convicted of murder, and they were all given long term jail sentences. Finally the Los Angeles police had cracked their toughest case, a case so dangerous that they never announced to the public how Doc had made his clever connections, so that the ringing of the bell ignited the magnesium to release the gas.

Inspector Harrison and George Norris added a dramatic chapter to the proof that there is *no perfect crime!*

THE END 5439

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MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS at HOME

IT'S AMAZINGLY SIMPLE!

Make records right in your own home by just singing, talking, acting, or playing a musical instrument into your own record player using a NEW HOME RECORD MAKING UNIT. This wonderful little unit records on the blank records furnished with your recording kit. No processing of the record required . . . just make your recording and it is immediately ready for playback. USE THE NEW HOME RECORD MAKER with most any standard record player—hand winding, portable, radio-phono combination or electrical phonographs operating on either AC or DC.

What is the Recordograph?

The recordograph is an accoustical device for making home recordings to be used with a record player or turn-table.

WHAT DO I GET?

You get the complete unit needed to make recordings at home. Accoustic recording head, special recording needle, playback needles, 2 two-sided records (enough for 4 recordings), spiral feeding attachment and complete easy to follow directions.

Records for 4 Recordings Included

PLAYS BACK AT ONCE

Record jokes, imitations, voices and instruments – and play for happy, happy memories. You can play new record at once! Give yourself, your family and friends a thrill! Records can be played back on ANY phonograph.

SING - PLAY - TALK

Have lots of fun! Record voices of seldom-seen but well-loved friends and dear ones. Make greeting records – Birthday, Anniversary Greetings for your loved ones.

EASY AS SPEAKING INTO A PHONE

Use your NEW HOME RECORD MAKER anytime and perform as comfortably as you'd talk on the telephone – needs no special "recording technique." *No experience necessary.*

Amazing LOW Price only 4.98 COMPLETE

SEND NO MONEY!

You don't have to send a cent. Just fill in coupon and mail today to get your complete NEW HOME RECORD MAKER. Sent C.O.D. for only $4.98 plus postage and C.O.D. . . . or send check or money order for $4.98 and we pay postage.

Additional blank records $2.00 per dozen (24 sides)

SCOPE SALES CORP., Dept. TD128T
1 Orchard Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Send entire RECORD MAKING OUTFIT, including 2 blank two-sided records.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $4.98 plus postage.
☐ Send additional blank records at $2 per dozen.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

☐ I enclose $4.98, send complete outfit postpaid.

GUN FOR HIRE!

TEN GRAND WAS A LOT OF MONEY, BUT RUSTY BRANDT WAS A BIG WHEEL AND IGNATZ MURPHY WAS A TORPEDO WHO WAS TOPS IN HIS PROFESSION!

CAFE HISTORY OF IGNATZ MURPHY
HOME: N.Y.C., AGE 45
OCCUPATION: KILLER
PRISON RECORD: SING-SING ALCATRAZ DANNEMORA
FUTURE: MURDER

PSST! GET THE COURT STENOGRAPHER! EVERYTHING IS WORKING OUT ON SCHEDULE!

GO ON, KEEP TALKING, RUSTY! TELL ME ABOUT THE ROCKER, LITTLE LOUIE, CHOPS CARSON, AND ALL THE OTHERS YOU RUBBED OUT! C'MON, TALK YOU'VE ONLY TEN SECONDS... TALK!

OKAY! OKAY! ONLY DON'T SHOOT, I BEG YOU! SURE, I BUMPED THEM OFF, BUT IT WAS BUSINESS... YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING! PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T SHOOT!

THAT'S RIGHT, RUSTY, CRAWL, BEG FOR YOUR LIFE! HAW! THIS IS FUN AT TEN GRAND A CLIP! BUT YOU'RE A GOOD BUSINESS INVESTMENT! ALL RIGHT, IGNATZ, GET IT OVER WITH!

BASED ON A TRUE STORY!

5309

THERE WAS NOTHING UNUSUAL IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE LONG, BLACK SEDAN THAT PULLED TO THE CURB NEAR THE BLUE GOOSE NIGHT CLUB ON EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, THAT BALMY SPRING EVENING OF JUNE 4, 1937! BUT INSIDE SAT FINGERS FLYNN AND TWO OF HIS TORPEDOES, WITH DRAWN GUNS, WAITING TO BLAST RUSTY BRANDT, BOSS OF NEW YORK'S SUCKER RACKETS!

HE'LL SHOW UP! HE MAKES THE ROUNDS EVERY NIGHT!

WE'LL TAKE OVER ALL OF RUSTY'S JOINTS AFTER WE FINISH HIM OFF! THAT CHEAP CHISELER HAS RUN THIS TOWN LONG ENOUGH!

YEAH, BUT WE BETTER MAKE SURE WE PLUG 'IM FER KEEPS! THAT RUSTY IS A TOUGH MONKEY TO TANGLE WITH!

BLUE GOOSE

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

FINGERS FLYNN AN' THREE OF HIS PUNKS ARE AGROSS THE STREET, BOSS.'
I'LL HANDLE DA PUNK MYSELF.' WE'LL GO OUT THE BACK DOOR AND CIRCLE 'ROUND THE BLOCK.'
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
I'M GETTIN' THE JITTERS WAITIN'-- WISH HE'D HURRY UP.'
DROP THE HEATER, FINGERS, AN' CLIMB OUT.' KEEP 'EM COVERED, BOYS--I GOTTA TALK TUH FINGERS.'
WE JUST CAME OVER TUH HAVE A DRINK, RUSTY.' ANYTHING WRONG WITH THAT?
YUH LYIN' RAT.' I'M GONNA TEACH YUH SOME MANNERS.'
TRY DIS FER A STARTER, FINGERS.'
OWW.' DON'T, PLEASE, RUSTY.' I WON'T BOTHER YUH AGAIN.' PLEASE...
RUSTY DID AN ARTISTIC JOB.' LATER, A DOCTOR WAS FINISHING UP...
YUH BLASTED HORSE-DOCTOR.' HURT ME AGAIN AN' I'LL PLUG YUH.'
I'M SORRY, MR. FLYNN.' NOW, GET PLENTY OF REST AND GIVE THESE CUTS A CHANCE TO HEAL.'
YOU SAID IT, DOC.' I'M GONNA TAKE A LONG REST.'
THAT WOULD BE ADVISABLE.' ANOTHER... UGH!
NONE OF YER LIP, PILL-ROLLER.' GET OUTTA HERE WHILE YUH CAN STILL WALK.'
I'M PULLIN' OUT WITH LEO, BOSS.' RUSTY BRANDT'S TOO TOUGH FER US.'
HE'S NOT TOO TOUGH FER IGNATZ MURPHY.' MURPHY'LL TAKE ON ANYBODY IF THE PRICE IS RIGHT.' I'LL PAY PLENTY IF HE TAKES CARE OF BRANDT.'

IGNATZ MURPHY? HE WAS IN STIR LAST I HEARD. HOW COME YOU KNOW HIM? HE NEVER WORKED HERE.
HE'S GETTIN' SPRUNG DIS WEEK. I'M WRITIN' TO 'IM NOW. DON'T WORRY... HE'LL TURN UP BY THE END O' THE WEEK.
TWO DAYS LATER, FLYNN'S LETTER REACHED ITS DESTINATION!
HERE'S A LETTER TO IGNATZ MURPHY FROM FINGERS FLYNN. I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN THE CONTENTS.
THANKS, WARDEN. THE LETTER WILL BE A GREAT HELP. ..YOU CAN DELIVER IT NOW--HE WON'T HARM ANYONE.
FOUR DAYS LATER...
YOU GUYS WAITIN' FER IGNATZ MURPHY?
YEAH. C'MON. YER GONNA MEET DA BOSS.
HEY, CUT IT OUT. LEGGO MY ARM.
NOBODY GOES AHEAD O' IGNATZ MURPHY.
DIS IS FINGERS' JOINT. THE OFFICE IS UPSTAIRS.
CRUMMY LAYOUT. I HEAR HIS RACKET'S PIN-BALL MACHINES.
BOOTLEG WHISKEY AND FLOATIN' DICE GAMES TOO. HE'S A SMART GUY.
SO THAT'S THE BAIT?
WE GET THE BIGGEST PLAY IN CANDY STORES AN' SODA PARLORS. TELL MURPHY HOW YUH RIG 'EM, TOM.
GLAD TO, LEO.
JACK POT
100,000
20,000
WE FIX 'EM SO THE SUCKER WINS ONE OUTTA EVERY EIGHT OR NINE GAMES. THE CHUMPS AIN'T GOT A CHANCE.
SMART BUSINESS! WELL, LET'S GO SEE THE BOSS.
I KNEW YOU'D COME. BOY, YOU AN' I ARE GONNA TEAR BRANDT APART.
SKIP THE HEARTS AN' FLOWERS--I'LL WORK ALONE. GIMME MY DOUGH AN' TELL ME WHERE TUM FIND RUSTY.
3

I WANT TEN GEES FOR THIS, JOE-- I HEAR RUSTY IS HANDY WITH A ROD. IF IT'S TOO HIGH, SAY SO, AN' I'LL BLOW.
IT'S A DEAL. I'LL MAKE THAT MUCH BACK THE FIRST WEEK I TAKE OVER THE BOOKIES. HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE?
I GOTTA LOOK THE PLACE OVER BEFORE I START MOVIN'-- I DON'T WANNA END UP IN THE CLINK. BUT IN THREE DAYS YOU'LL BE TOP DOG.
I'LL TAKE FIVE GRAND NOW AN' THE REST WHEN I FINISH THE JOB.
OKAY, IGNATZ. YUH CAN HAVE THE CASH NOW.
I THOUGHT YUH WAS SMART, FINGERS. HOW DO YUH KNOW HE WON'T LAM WITH THIS DOUGH?
TILREY, I'M GONNA GIVE YUH THE BEATIN OF YER LIFE.
DON'T PUT YER HANDS ON ME AGAIN, MURPHY. YOU CAN'T PUSH ME AROUND. MAYBE A SLUG IN THE GUTS WILL CUT YUH DOWN TUH SIZE.
DROP THE POP GUN, JUNIOR, YUH MIGHT GET HURT.
I TOOK ENOUGH OFFA... OOOOOF!
SORRY TUH MUSS UP YOUR PLACE, FINGERS. BUT HE NEEDS TO LEARN MANNERS.
OOOF!
GO RIGHT AHEAD, IGNATZ. HE ALWAYS TALKED TOO MUCH.
HERE'S THE DOUGH. TAKE YER TIME AN' DON'T SLIP UP.
THAT'S THE WAY TO DO BUSINESS, FINGERS. CASH ON THE LINE AN' SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
4

NEXT MORNING--FINGERS FLYNN CARRIED ON BUSINESS WITH A VERY INTERESTED SPECTATOR LOOKING ON...
NICE SETUP, FINGERS.' I SUPPOSE YUH GOT PLENTY OF PUNKS WORKIN' FER YUH.'
PLENTY, AN' MORE HIRED EVERY DAY.'
HEY, FLIP, TELL MY FRIEND HOW YUH "CONVINCE" STORE OWNERS THEY NEED A MACHINE.'
IF THEY DON'T TAKE ONE, I BUST 'EM IN DA KISSER.' DEY ALWAYS TAKE ONE.'
WELL, SEE YOU LATER, BOSS.'
NICE CHARACTER, FINGERS.' DO YUH KEEP 'IM IN A CAGE WHEN ME AIN'T WORKIN'?
AW, HE'S HARMLESS.' C'MON, I'LL SHOW YUH AROUND TOWN.'
FINGERS FLYNN'S FIRST STOP WAS A LOANSHARK...
WHO'S THIS FLASHY PUNK?
AL TAYLOR.' HE LOANS THE CHUMPS DOUGH! THEN MY HOODS SEE THAT HE GETS IT BACK THREE TIMES OVER.'
HIYA BOSS.' THERE'S A COUPLA CHUMPS BEHIND IN THEIR PAYMENTS.' HERE'S A LIST OF NAMES AND ADDRESSES.'
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE GUYS.' SEE YUH LATER.'
NICE ORGANIZATION, FINGERS.' NOW I'LL CASE BRANDT'S LAYOUT.'
HE'S GOT ALL THE BOOKIES AROUND TOWN.' THE BLUE GOOSE BELONGS TUH HIM TOO.'
MURPHY WASTED NO TIME...HE WENT RIGHT OVER TO THE BLUE GOOSE.'
PAY UP, BUDDY, OR YUH'LL BE IN TROUBLE WIT' RUSTY BRANDT.' I...HEY, LEGGO.'
IGNATZ MURPHY DON'T PAY FOR DRINKS.' YOUR BOSS CAN COLLECT IN PERSON IF HE WANTS HIS DOUGH!
I'LL WRECK THE JOINT, THEN YER BIG SHOT BOSS CAN DO WHAT HE LIKES.'
CRASH
DON'T FERGET THE NAME, PUNK.' IGNATZ MURPHY--HE'LL BE HEARIN' PLENTY FROM ME LATER.'

MURPHY MOVED FAST... NEXT HE FOUND A BOOKIE.
YEAH, I WORK FOR RUSTY BRANDT,' WHAT'S IT TO... OWW!
NOTHIN' PERSONAL, PAL,' TELL YER BOSS IGNATZ MURPHY PAID YOU A VISIT.'
FIRST MY BOOKIES ARE BEAT UP AND NOW MY NIGHT CLUBS GET TORN APART.' SOMEONE'S GOIN' TO PAY FOR THIS.'
THE GUY SAID HIS NAME WAS IGNATZ MURPHY, BOSS.'
I'M GONNA SEE DAT GUY, PERSONALLY.' HE'LL WISH HE NEVER HEARD OF RUSTY BRANDT,' ANSWER DAT PHONE -- TELL 'EM I'M NOT HERE.'
RING!
RIGHT, BOSS.'
IGNATZ MURPHY SAVED HIM THE TROUBLE OF A SEARCH.'
I'M AT FINGER FLYNN'S HANGOUT.' WHY DON'T YUH DROP OVER AND SEE ME AN' FINGERS?
I'LL BE THERE, TOUGH GUY.' YOU AN' FLYNN ARE DEAD PIGEONS,' DON'T MOVE... I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.'
COME ON, BOYS.' FLYNN AN' HIS GANG ARE GOIN' OUT OF BUSINESS PERMANENTLY.'
IT'S ABOUT TIME, RUSTY.'
LET'S GO GET 'IM.'
RUSTY BRANDT'S COMIN', FINGERS -- AN' HE'S GOT HIS WHOLE MOB WITH HIM.'
LEO, TILREY -- ROUND UP THE BOYS AN' TELL 'EM BRANDT'S COMIN'.'
THIRTY MINUTES LATER... RUSTY BRANDT'S MOB ARRIVED IN FORCE.'
EVERY COP'LL IN TOWN'LL BE DOWN ON US IF YUH START ANYTHIN'.' WHADDAYA WANT?
I WANT MURPHY.' HE BUSTED UP MY CLUB AN' ROUGHED MY BOYS UP.'
IF YUH WANT ME, YOU'LL HAVE TUH COME AN' GET ME.'
I'LL TEAR THE JOINT DOWN IF I HAVE TUH.'
COME AN' GET ME, PUNKS.' BUT COME IN BLASTIN'.'
THIS IS THE LAST TIME YUH'LL MESS WIT' RUSTY BRANDT.'
BAM!
BAM!

GINATTI, MURPHY THEN STEPPED INTO THE BATTLE, FOLLOWED BY A HORDE OF POLICE OFFICERS.
OKAY, BOYS...THIS IS A PINCH, UP WITH THE MEATHOOKS!
HE'S A BULL, FLYNN, HE FRAMED US ALL!
RIGHT, FINGERS, YOU BOYS ARE ALL GOING TO BE CHARGED WITH PLENTY.
HOW'D YUH KNOW I EXPECTED MURPHY? YUH MUST HAVE READ HIS MAIL.
EVEN IF YUH READ IT, MURPHY WOULDA SHOWED UP, I WROTE BEFORE AN' HE ANSWERED ME.
HE COULDN'T SHOW UP, FINGERS, HE STILL OWES TIME IN DANNEMORA, IT'LL BE FIFTEEN YEARS BEFORE THAT RAT IS FREE.
BRANDT IS MAKING A BREAK.
I'LL GET 'IM. YOU STAY HERE AND WATCH THE OTHERS.
YOU'RE THE ONE I CAME FOR, MURPHY, AN' I'LL GET YA YET!
YUH'LL NEVER HANG A RAP ON ME.
I COULD HANG A DOZEN RAPS ON YOU, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL LIVE THAT LONG.
I WANTED TO BRING YOU IN, RUSTY, BUT HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ...ARRGH!
WELL, I TOLD YOU I'D GET BRANDT, FINGERS, YOU STILL OWE ME FIVE GRAND, BUT YOU'LL NEED IT MORE THAN I WILL WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
HOW ABOUT THAT FIVE GRAND I GAVE YUH? GONNA KEEP IT?
IF I HAD IT, I'D GIVE IT TO AN ORGANIZATION THAT WOULD TEACH KIDS NOT TO GROW UP LIKE RATS. KIDS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ARE BEGINNING TO REALIZE THAT CROOKS ALWAYS WIND UP IN PRISON--OR ON A SLAB IN THE MORGUE.
THE END
7

ARE YOU A DETECTIVE?

A CONFESSION OF MURDER

STARRING DETECTIVE SKIP McCOY

THIS IS OFFICER JOHNNY WILLIAMS! HE HAD A BRIGHT FUTURE WITH THE FORCE, BUT A BULLET FROM JOHNNY'S OWN GUN INTERFERED! THE CORONER LISTED IT AS ACCIDENTAL DEATH...BUT THIS DID NOT SATISFY SKIP MC COY!

JOHNNY WAS TOO SMART A FELLOW TO HAVE SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPEN TO HIM...PEPPER, PULL OUT THE RECORDS ON "72486"!

HMMM..."SHOT WHILE CLEANING HIS GUN! ACCIDENT WITNESSED BY TEMPLE TAYLOR, 467 EDGE ROAD!"

LET'S GO OUT TO SEE MR. TAYLOR!

THIS TEMPLE TAYLOR... HE HAS QUITE A REPUTATION AS A GAMBLER! WHAT BUSINESS DID HE HAVE WITH WILLIAMS?

TAYLOR AND JOHNNY GREW UP TOGETHER ON THE EAST SIDE--BOTH TAKING DIFFERENT PATHS! THEY WERE BOUND BY A CLOSE FRIENDSHIP, EVEN THOUGH EVERYONE KNEW JOHNNY TRIED TO GET TEMPLE TO QUIT HIS RACKET AND GET AN HONEST JOB!

POLICE

MINUTES LATER...

MR. TAYLOR, WE'RE REOPENING THE INVESTIGATION ON THE JOHNNY WILLIAMS CASE! I UNDERSTAND YOU WERE IN JOHNNY'S ROOM WHEN...

...WHEN THE GUN HE WAS CLEANING ACCIDENTLY WENT OFF! I TOLD YOU OVER AND OVER... WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE? IT WAS TERRIBLE--THE SUDDEN SHOT--JOHNNY CRUMBLING TO THE FLOOR! AND THAT TERRIBLE SMELLY SMOKE COMING OUT OF THE GUN!

TAYLOR, MY SUSPICIONS WERE CORRECT! WILLIAMS' DEATH WASN'T AN ACCIDENT, BUT MURDER--AND YOU WERE THE ONE WHO KILLED HIM!

AND IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE TEMPLE TAYLOR MAKES A STARTLING CONFESSION OF MURDER!

YES, I KILLED HIM! JOHNNY KNEW I WAS IN ON A SHADY DEAL--HE MEANT TO TURN ME IN! I WENT TO HIS ROOM, HOPING TO TALK HIM OUT OF IT--HE SAID HE WOULDN'T LET FRIENDSHIP STAND IN HIS WAY! I TOOK HIS GUN, WHICH WAS LYING ON THE BED, FIRED... AND WIPED OFF THE FINGERPRINTS! NOW THAT YOU KNOW--WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT ME!

IN YOUR DRAMATIC EXPLANATION OF JOHNNY'S DEATH, YOU SAID YOU SAW SMOKE COMING FROM HIS GUN! WHAT YOU FORGOT IS THAT MODERN GUNS DO NOT SMOKE!

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!

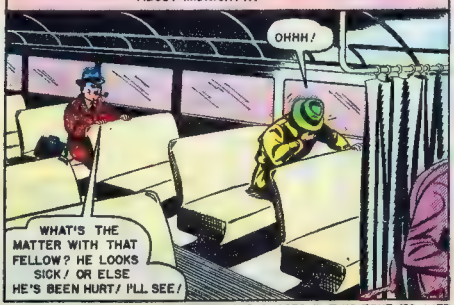
THE MURDER RAP!

NO ONE COULD STOP JACK RAINEY, WHEN HE SQUARED OFF BEHIND A GLEAMING SHARP STEEL BLADE--NO ONE BUT *DEATH!*

YOU YOUNG IDIOT, I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? NOW PUT DOWN THAT GUN AND LISTEN TO REASON!
ALL I KNOW IS YOU'RE A COP AND I'M WANTED FOR MURDER! BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER... DID I KILL SOMEONE, OFFICER? DID I? YOU'RE NOT SURE, ARE YOU? NEITHER AM I! THANKS FOR FIXING MY SHOULDER... NOW GET OUT OF MY WAY!
DARLING, PLEASE... PUT DOWN THAT GUN! CAN'T YOU SEE HE WANTS TO HELP YOU?
4372

PATROLMAN PETER DENNIS, OF THE 24TH PRECINCT, MEMPHIS, TENN., COULDN'T RUN AWAY FROM MURDER EVEN THOUGH HE WAS ON VACATION, HIS FIRST IN YEARS! BUT MURDER IS SERIOUS, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE ACCUSED CAN'T REMEMBER!... DID HE OR DID HE NOT COMMIT MURDER? IT WAS THEN THAT PATROLMAN DENNIS STEPPED INTO THE CASE...

ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1946, PETER DENNIS, AN OFF-DUTY PATROLMAN, WAS ON HIS VACATION, TRAVELING THROUGH A LONELY SECTION OF THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS BY BUS! IT WAS ABOUT MIDNIGHT...

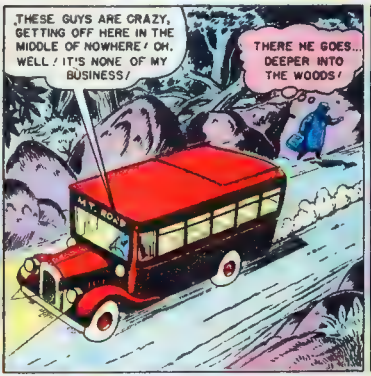


ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

YOU'VE BEEN HURT! THERE'S BLOOD ON YOUR SHOULDER!
LET ME ALONE, I TELL YOU! MIND YOUR BUSINESS!

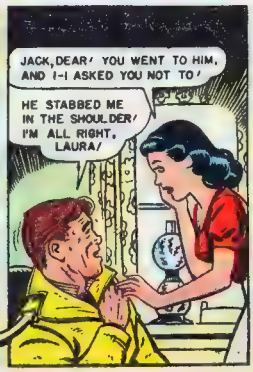
DENNIS WENT BACK TO HIS SEAT/ THEN A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
STOP HERE, DRIVER!
HE'S GETTING OFF/ AND THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT WOODS/ THE WHOLE THING LOOKS MIGHTY STRANGE!
?

BEFORE THE BUS HAD GONE MORE THAN A FEW HUNDRED YARDS FURTHER, DENNIS DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE/
I'LL GET OFF HERE, PLEASE!


THESE GUYS ARE CRAZY, GETTING OFF HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE! OH, WELL! IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS/
THERE HE GOES... DEEPER INTO THE WOODS!
M.T. ROX

NOW WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?
OHHH!
THE TRAIL LED DENNIS THROUGH A MAZE OF TREES/ THE STRANGER WAS STAGGERING ALONG, OBVIOUSLY IN PAIN

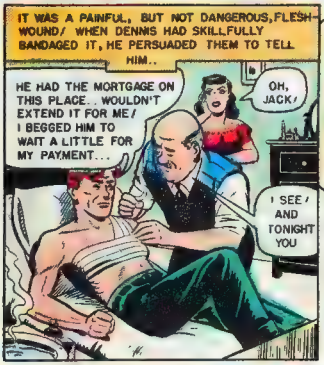
PATROLMAN DENNIS FOLLOWED THE WOUNDED YOUTH UP A LITTLE PATH/ AND THEN
HE WENT INTO THAT CABIN!
AT THE WINDOW, DENNIS SAW AND HEARD...

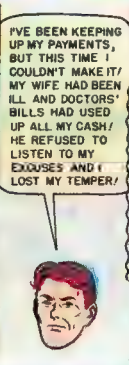

JACK, DEAR! YOU WENT TO HIM, AND I-I ASKED YOU NOT TO!
HE STABBED ME IN THE SHOULDER/ I'M ALL RIGHT, LAURA/

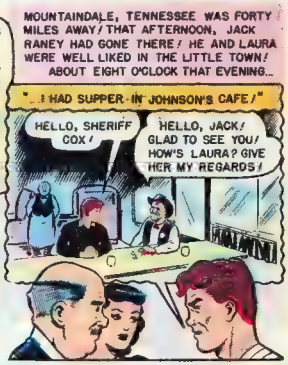
YOU FOUGHT WITH HIM/ YOU TOOK A KNIFE WITH YOU! I KNOW YOU DID! WHERE IS IT? OH, JACK...
...I GUESS I DROPPED IT/
I LOST IT, I TELL YOU!
THIS HAS BECOME A COPS HOLIDAY FOR ME/ HERE GOES!

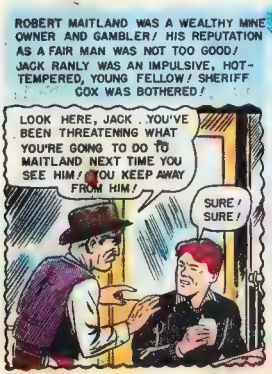
JACK! YOU'RE LYING TO ME!
I'M NOT! I TELL YOU, I ONLY... WHAT'S THAT?
KNOCK, KNOCK!

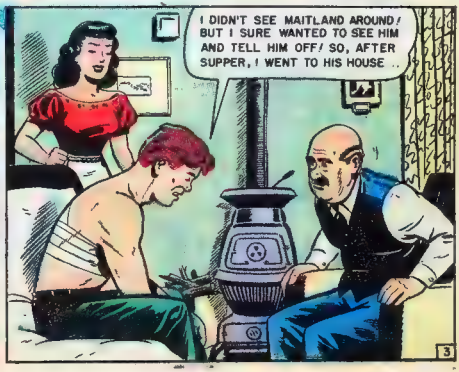
MY NAME IS DENNIS, MA'AM! I'M A POLICEMAN AND I WANT TO HELP YOU! GET A BASIN OF HOT WATER AND TOWELS! WE'LL MAKE A BANDAGE FOR HIS WOUNDED SHOULDER!
A POLICEMAN!
IT'S YOU, AGAIN! LET ME ALONE! I DON'T NEED ANY HELP!


IT WAS A PAINFUL, BUT NOT DANGEROUS, FLESH-WOUND! WHEN DENNIS HAD SKILLFULLY BANDAGED IT, HE PERSUADED THEM TO TELL HIM..
HE HAD THE MORTGAGE ON THIS PLACE... WOULDN'T EXTEND IT FOR ME! I BEGGED HIM TO WAIT A LITTLE FOR MY PAYMENT...
OH, JACK!
I SEE! AND TONIGHT YOU


I'VE BEEN KEEPING UP MY PAYMENTS, BUT THIS TIME I COULDN'T MAKE IT! MY WIFE HAD BEEN ILL AND DOCTORS' BILLS HAD USED UP ALL MY CASH! HE REFUSED TO LISTEN TO MY EXCUSES AND I LOST MY TEMPER!


MOUNTAINDALE, TENNESSEE WAS FORTY MILES AWAY! THAT AFTERNOON, JACK RANEY HAD GONE THERE! HE AND LAURA WERE WELL LIKED IN THE LITTLE TOWN! ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK THAT EVENING...
"...I HAD SUPPER IN JOHNSON'S CAFE!"
HELLO, SHERIFF COX!
HELLO, JACK! GLAD TO SEE YOU! HOW'S LAURA? GIVE HER MY REGARDS!


ROBERT MAITLAND WAS A WEALTHY MINE OWNER AND GAMBLER! HIS REPUTATION AS A FAIR MAN WAS NOT TOO GOOD! JACK RANLY WAS AN IMPULSIVE, HOT-TEMPERED, YOUNG FELLOW! SHERIFF COX WAS BOTHERED!
LOOK HERE, JACK. YOU'VE BEEN THREATENING WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO TO MAITLAND NEXT TIME YOU SEE HIM! YOU KEEP AWAY FROM HIM!
SURE! SURE!


I DIDN'T SEE MAITLAND AROUND! BUT I SURE WANTED TO SEE HIM AND TELL HIM OFF! SO, AFTER SUPPER, I WENT TO HIS HOUSE..

"I FIGURED HE WAS IN HIS STUDY! IT WAS THE ONLY LIGHT IN THE HOUSE! I WENT AROUND TO THE LITTLE SIDE ENTRANCE!"

"I FOUND HIM AT HIS DESK!"
WELL, RANEY! HAVE YOU GOT MY MONEY, YET?
SO YOU WON'T GIVE ME A BREAK, EH? YOU WANT TO TAKE MY HOME AWAY FROM ME!

"YES, I HAVE A BAD TEMPER! BUT I MEAN THIS... ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS EXPRESS MY ANGER BY FIGHTING HIM!"
COME ON! LET'S SEE YOU FIGHT, YOU ROTTEN COWARD!
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

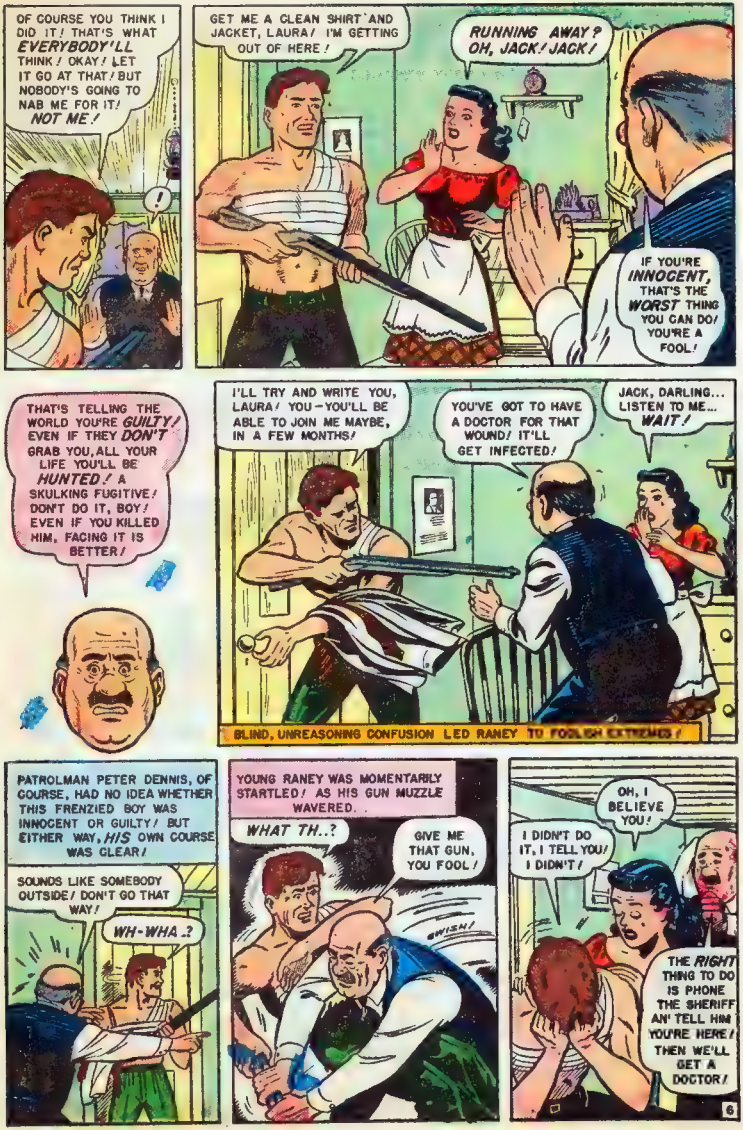
"I DIDN'T SEE HIM REACHING FOR THAT KNIFE! I WAS PRETTY EXCITED! MY SWING MISSED HIM AND THEN..."
ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT!
SWISH!

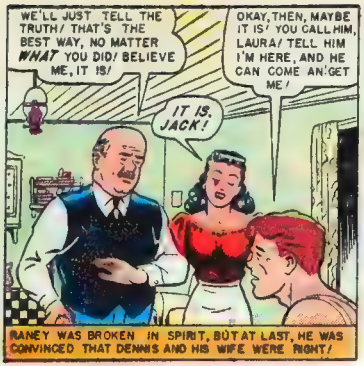
"I SWEAR THAT'S ALL THERE WAS TO IT! HIS KNIFE RIPPED ME! THEN I GOT IT AWAY FROM HIM AND IT FELL TO THE FLOOR!"
UGH!
YOU... YOU...

"I WAS ONLY IN THE HOUSE MAYBE FIVE MINUTES! I DIDN'T REALLY HURT HIM! I GOT SCARED AT HOW MAD I WAS! I CUFFED HIM AROUND, AND BEAT IT AWAY!"

SO YOU ONLY SLAPPED HIM AROUND! YOUR WIFE SAYS YOU HAD A KNIFE WITH YOU!
BUT I...I DIDN'T DRAW IT ON HIM! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT!
OH, JACK! DON'T LIE ABOUT IT! WHATEVER YOU...

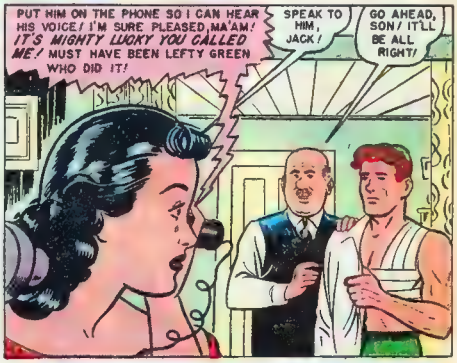
MAYBE I DID DRAW MY KNIFE ON HIM TO SCARE HIM! BUT I DIDN'T USE IT! I REMEMBER I HAD IT IN MY HAND RUNNING DOWN THE STREET! I.. I MUST HAVE DROPPED IT!
RRRR-RING!
I..I'M NOT HERE! WHOEVER IT IS, I'M NOT HERE!
OH... HELLO, SHERIFF COX!
HELLO, LAURA! IS JACK THERE? LET ME SPEAK TO HIM!
IN THAT TENSE INSTANT, THE WILD-EYED JACK RANEY SEIZED A SHOT-GUN FROM THE ROOM CORNER, AND...
STAND STILL, YOU! DON'T MOVE OR SPEAK, OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT! TELL HIM NO, LAURA! I'M NOT HERE!
?
!
ZIP!
JACK? WHY WHY NO, SHERIFF! HE'S AWAY! I'M EXPECTING HIM! ANY ANY MESSAGE?
IT'S JUST THAT WE FOUND BOB MAITLAND MURDERED! I WAS HOPIN' HIS OLD ENEMY, HIS EX-SIDEKICK LEFTY GREEN, MAYBE KILLED HIM, AND NOT JACK! IF YOU HEAR FROM JACK, MA'AM, BE SURE AN' LET ME KNOW AT ONCE!
MAITLAND FOUND MURDERED? WHY SURE, I CAN SEE WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, BUT IT'S A LIE! I TOLD YOU
IF YOU DIDN'T KILL HIM, YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! TAKE IT EASY, BOY! THAT THING MIGHT GO OFF!
..AND, AFTER LAURA HUNG UP, RANEY BECAME EVEN MORE DESPERATE..
5


OF COURSE YOU THINK I DID IT! THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY'LL THINK / OKAY! LET IT GO AT THAT / BUT NOBODY'S GOING TO NAB ME FOR IT! NOT ME!
!
GET ME A CLEAN SHIRT AND JACKET, LAURA / I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
RUNNING AWAY? OH, JACK! JACK!
IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, THAT'S THE WORST THING YOU CAN DO / YOU'RE A FOOL!
THAT'S TELLING THE WORLD YOU'RE GUILTY! EVEN IF THEY DON'T GRAB YOU, ALL YOUR LIFE YOU'LL BE HUNTED! A SKULKING FUGITIVE! DON'T DO IT, BOY! EVEN IF YOU KILLED HIM, FACING IT IS BETTER!
I'LL TRY AND WRITE YOU, LAURA / YOU - YOU'LL BE ABLE TO JOIN ME MAYBE, IN A FEW MONTHS!
YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A DOCTOR FOR THAT WOUND! IT'LL GET INFECTED!
JACK, DARLING... LISTEN TO ME... WAIT!
BLIND, UNREASONING CONFUSION LED RANEY TO FOOLISH EXTREMES!
PATROLMAN PETER DENNIS, OF COURSE, HAD NO IDEA WHETHER THIS FRENZIED BOY WAS INNOCENT OR GUILTY / BUT EITHER WAY, HIS OWN COURSE WAS CLEAR!
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY OUTSIDE / DON'T GO THAT WAY!
WH-WHA..?
YOUNG RANEY WAS MOMENTARILY STARTLED! AS HIS GUN MUZZLE WAVERED.
WHAT TH..?
GIVE ME THAT GUN, YOU FOOL!
SWISH!
OH, I BELIEVE YOU!
I DIDN'T DO IT, I TELL YOU! I DIDN'T!
THE RIGHT THING TO DO IS PHONE THE SHERIFF AN' TELL HIM YOU'RE HERE! THEN WE'LL GET A DOCTOR!
6

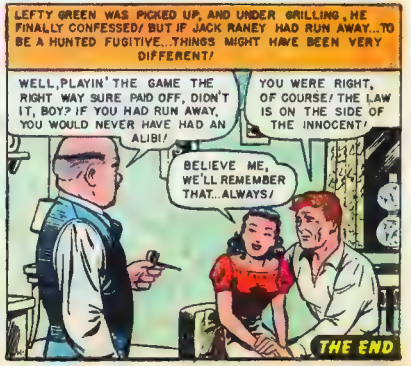

WE'LL JUST TELL THE TRUTH/ THAT'S THE BEST WAY, NO MATTER WHAT YOU DID/ BELIEVE ME, IT IS/
OKAY, THEN, MAYBE IT IS/ YOU CALL HIM, LAURA/ TELL HIM I'M HERE, AND HE CAN COME AN' GET ME/
IT IS, JACK!
RANEY WAS BROKEN IN SPIRIT, BUT AT LAST, HE WAS CONVINCED THAT DENNIS AND HIS WIFE WERE RIGHT/

SHERIFF COX? YOU WANTED TO . TO SPEAK TO JACK, SHERIFF? HE'S HERE/
HE'S THERE, MA'AM? WHY, THAT'S WONDERFUL!
WITH TEARS IN HER EYES, NOT KNOWING WHETHER OR NOT SHE WAS SENDING HER HUSBAND TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, LAURA CALLED THE SHERIFF/

MAITLAND WAS KILLED BY A BULLET ONLY TWENTY MINUTES AGO/ NEIGHBORS HEARD THE SHOT AN' FOUND HIM DYIN'/SO IF JACK'S THERE WITH YOU, FORTY MILES FROM HERE, WHY, IT'S A PERFECT ALIBI/


PUT HIM ON THE PHONE SO I CAN HEAR HIS VOICE/ I'M SURE PLEASED, MA'AM! IT'S MIGHTY LUCKY YOU CALLED ME/ MUST HAVE BEEN LEFTY GREEN WHO DID IT!
SPEAK TO HIM, JACK/
GO AHEAD, SON/ IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT/

HERE I AM, SHERIFF COX/
AN' AM I GLAD YOU'RE THERE/ SURE HAD ME WORRIED/


LEFTY GREEN WAS PICKED UP, AND UNDER GRILLING, HE FINALLY CONFESSED/ BUT IF JACK RANEY HAD RUN AWAY...TO BE A HUNTED FUGITIVE...THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN VERY DIFFERENT/
WELL, PLAYIN' THE GAME THE RIGHT WAY SURE PAID OFF, DIDN'T IT, BOY? IF YOU HAD RUN AWAY, YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE HAD AN ALIBI/
YOU WERE RIGHT, OF COURSE/ THE LAW IS ON THE SIDE OF THE INNOCENT/
BELIEVE ME, WE'LL REMEMBER THAT...ALWAYS/
THE END

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll Give You A New Body

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"*Dynamic Tension.*" And it turned me into such a complete *specimen* of MAN HOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "*Dynamic Tension*" to GET RESULTS!

"*Dynamic Tension*" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "*Dynamic Tension*" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "*Dynamic Tension*," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body – watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "*Dynamic Tension*" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 602, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 602.
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*" will help make a New Man of me – give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name_____ Age_____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

SMALL BUST WOMEN

Special Design "Up-And-Out" Bra Gives You A Fuller, Alluring Bustline Instantly

COLORS:
- NUDE
- WHITE
- BLACK
- BLUE

SIZES: 28 to 38

NO PADS! NO ARTIFICIAL BUST BUILDUP NEEDED

Self conscious about your flat looking bustline? Figure Beauty starts with a glamorous bustline. The sensational "Up-And-Out" Bra has an exclusive secret patent pend. feature that tends to lift and cup flat, unshapely, small busts into a **FULLER, WELL-ROUNDED, EXCITING BUSTLINE** like magic instantly.

One of Our Many Satisfied Customers Below Says:

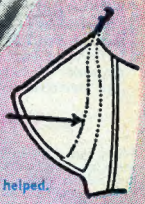
". . . It's amazing how its special feature gives my bustline real glamour."
—Miss Doris Harris, Wichita, Kansas

BEFORE Miss Harris wore the "Up-and-Out" Bra, she was flat, unshapely, and shy.

AFTER she wore the "Up-and-Out" Bra, her attractive bustline gave her poise, confidence.

Profile View Of Hidden Feature in Bra

which does wonders for your individual bust problem.



Below are some types who can be helped.

Special patent pending bust molding feature on inside of bra lifts, supports and cups your busts. No Matter Whether They Are Small, Flat or Sagging, into Fuller, Well-Rounded "Up and Out" curves like magic instantly!

Now Wear All Dresses, Blouses, Sweaters, etc. (No matter how form fitting) With Bustline Confidence!

With the "Up-And-Out" Bra underneath, all your clothes will display the sweater girl, feminine curves you desire and require to look attractive. Firm elastic back and easy to adjust shoulder straps. Beautiful fabric — easy to wash.
Colors: Nude, White, Black.
Sizes: 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38.
Only $2.49. Mail Coupon Now.

SEND NO MONEY!

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Tested Sales, Dept. MR-78B2
20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Tested Sales, Dept. MR-78B2
20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Rush to me my "Up-And-Out" Bra in plain wrapper in size and color checked below. I will pay postman on delivery $2.49 plus postage. If not delighted in 10 days, I will return merchandise for my money back.

Size_____ Color_____ How Many_____

Name_____

Address_____

City, Zone, State_____

Check here if you wish to save postage by enclosing $2.49 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee.

BEFORE Sagging muscles, bumps and bulges. Clothes looked awful. Nothing seemed to fit right. Couldn't wear any of the new styles.

INTERLOCKING HANDS OF FIRM SUPPORT*

Test how you'll feel wearing the TUMMY-FLATTENER this way: clasp hands across abdomen as shown and press up and in. Feel good? That's how you'll feel when you put on the TUMMY-FLATTENER.

AFTER Protruding stomach pushed back in. Front level. Waist line evened out. Superfluous "tummy roll" neatly tucked away. Clothes fit swell. Also ideal under slacks, play shorts and swim trunks. Complete with detachable garters changeable crotch piece.

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER!

SEND NO MONEY!

Convince yourself! See the difference with your own eyes. Try TUMMY-FLATTENER at our expense. If you're not delighted with the immediate results, return in 10 days for immediate refund. TUMMY-FLATTENER sent by Return Mail. Don't wait another minute. Mail Coupon TODAY! NOW!

* T. M. Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Order the TUMMY-FLATTENER ON APPROVAL!

NOW to You ONLY $2.98

WARD GREEN CO., Dept. T-482
113 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Rush TUMMY-FLATTENER in Plain Wrapper ON APPROVAL by Return Mail. I'll pay postman $2.98 plus postage. If not thrilled and delighted with the immediate results, I may return it in 10 days for immediate refund.

(Extra Large Size, 37 and up, $3.98)

☐ Also send.....Extra Crotch Pieces. 50c each.

Waist Measure _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I enclose $2.98 (or $3.98 for size 37 and up) You pay postage.

GIVEN-GIVEN
Premiums - Cash Commission

ACT NOW

GIRLS BOYS

BE FIRST

OUR 55th YEAR

Mail Coupon

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Movie Machines with reel of film, complete Flashlights (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. **Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. A-148, Tyrone, Pa.**

WE ARE RELIABLE

NO MONEY NOW

GIVEN - GIVEN
Premiums - Cash Commission

Mail Coupon

ACT NOW
BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - MEN

BE FIRST

Act Now

Our 55th Year

Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles, Wrist Watches, Ukuleles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. B-148, Tyrone, Pa.**

GIVEN PREMIUMS or CASH COMMISSION GIVEN

MAIL COUPON TODAY

BOYS - MEN
LADIES - GIRLS

BOYS

BOYS GIRLS

Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Radios, Complete Fishing Kits (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE used for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Be first. Act now! Our 55th successful year. Write or mail coupon today - now. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. C-148, TYRONE, PA.**

GIVEN

BE FIRST

Act Now

Mail Coupon Today

Girls - Boys
Ladies - Men

PREMIUMS CASH COMMISSION

OUR 55th YEAR

Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Bluebird Pendulette Clocks (sent postage paid). **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. We are reliable. Our 55th year. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. D-148, TYRONE, PA.**

PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH

OUR 55th Year

ACT NOW

BOYS GIRLS

Be First

Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). **GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. E-148, TYRONE, PA.**

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Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. MC-148, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name ..... Age.....

St. ..... R.D..... Box.....

Zone

Town ..... No..... State.....

Print LAST Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW